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MY COUNTRY

The America I Knew

By

CLARENCE HAWKES

In this collection of autobiographical essays, Clarence Hawkes, the well-known blind author, offers reminiscences of persons, institutions, and attitudes of the New England and the America he has known.

The implicit, yet none the less dominant, theme of the book is the author's love of country, a love rooted in the soil of his native Hampshire County, stirring to active consciousness during the nation's Centenary in 1876, and blossoming into deep veneration of the American heritage and tradition. In time of insecurity, one appreciates how truly enduring are the aspects of America that Clarence Hawkes emphasizes: the very contours of the countryside, the wild life that stirs in field and marsh and forest, a physical America that is fundamental, not man-made; and beyond this, national ideals rather than materials, for "we are tired of the husks of materiality . . . "

The author's own life has exemplified the triumph of spirit over physical disability. To a world that needs courage, an inspiration indeed is Clarence Hawkes who, like another sightless author, would not "bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer right onward."

CHAPMAN & GRIMES, INC.

MY COUNTRY

The America I Knew

By Clarence Hawkes

Hitting the Dark Trail
The Light That Did Not Fail
Pep
Silversheen
Dapples of the Circus
Uncle Billy, the Curious Cobbler
Doctor Thinkright

Listening to the Birds

MY COUNTRY

The America I Knew

By

CLARENCE HAWKES

BOSTON

Chapman & Grimes

Publishers

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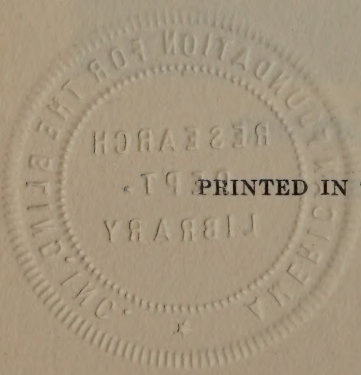

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Dedicated to all the good friends, who for the past fifty-seven years, have helped me along the dark trail.

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MY COUNTRY

The America I Knew

MY COUNTRY
The America I Knew

Chapter I

ROAD'S END

I was born at the road's end. It was a lonely country road. There were few houses on this road, and few teams passed over it. There was another house at the road's end, just across the way from us, but we did not see much of them. It was some comfort, however, to see them come and go from the barn.

We could watch this lonely winding country road for a long way, across the meadow and up a gently sloping hill. We children, of whom there were four, always kept a weather eye on this road. This was the only outlet to the outer world. If we saw a team coming at the top of the distant hill it was either visitors for us or for the other house. So we would run and tell our folks, then would take up our vigil, and breathlessly watch the team. Would it turn to the left and come to our house, or would it turn to the right and go to our neighbors'? Eagerly we waited to see.

If it was Grandpa and Grandmother Gurney, we could tell the team at a distance and would run shouting and pile into the buggy. If it was Uncle William Hawkes with his gaily painted Herrick Medicine wagon, we could tell that vehicle afar off too. Anxiously we watched while the team wended its way down across the meadow, and then up into full view again. If it finally turned into our driveway we were all excitement. Company means a whole lot

to children who live at the end of the road. But if the vehicle went to the other house, we sighed and went back to our play. In my own case it was more apt to be work, for I was the oldest and the endless barn chores fell on my small, stooped shoulders.

There was one team which sometimes visited us, that was the best of all. It was the gaily painted red and yellow tin-peddler's cart. It was driven by a garrulous old man with a face like a full moon and a ragged fringe of white whiskers. He was not only a peddler, but also a sort of neighborhood newspaper, for he carried all the local gossip. Not only about the people, but all those small happenings that country people enjoy—especially the people at the end of the road. A neighbor's cow had almost choked to death; he had finally saved her by pouring melted lard down her throat and pushing it down with a ball on the end of a stick. Maybe they had twin calves somewhere, or triplet lambs. Someone's baby had nearly died of the croup. Only a quick dose of mustard and warm water had saved it. Grandpa Brown had gone away to the city, to visit his son, or some one else had hatched a couple of hundred chicks. Fred Jones was courting Sally Snow, or somebody's engagement had been broken off. The going was bad or good. The garrulous peddler had been caught out in a terrific thunderstorm, and so on and so on.

All the time the peddler talked he was passing out shiny tin pans and plates—dishes that made such fine looking-glasses when we children held them up to the bright sunlight. Mother would select this pan and that which she needed and they were set aside for her. Then there was a great scurrying around

for old rags, old rubbers, and perhaps a calfskin with which to pay for the new utensils. If we overpaid the peddler, clothes pins were always used for change. I do not remember whether they were four for a cent or six, but they made handy change.

The peddler always lingered before letting down the door of his mysterious cart, trying to tempt another purchase. Finally the door came down with a bang, and was locked, and the show was over for that time. After getting a drink of water, and remarking about the growth of each of us children, and asking who we looked like, the garrulous peddler would climb up to his seat, cluck to the horse, and the gay red and yellow wagon would rattle away. We would watch it wistfully until it disappeared at the top of the hill, and then inspect the shiny new tin ware, until mother finally put it away.

Thus it was that very small things mean so much to eager children who live at the end of the road.

Although we children were very hardy, and out in all sorts of weather, yet we were always glad when spring came. Winter restricted us more or less, in spite of all we could do. For nearly a week, sometimes, roads such as ours were not broken out. In the country, during the worst blizzards, the regular roads are often abandoned, and temporary roads made across the fields, where the snow does not drift so badly. Most of the country roads were hedged in by stone walls on each side, and this allowed the high winds to pile the snow up in the road. Imagine our astonishment one morning, when a sled with ploughs on it, drawn by two steaming oxen, came right up through our best mowing, instead of coming in the road. This was really the only way they could come without days of shovelling.

About the first of April, we children went out with either father or a hired man, to help spade up the hotbed in front of the woodshed. This was in a warm spot, sheltered from the wind, and was perhaps three feet wide and twenty feet long. I had to get my small spade and help, though I often got in the way.

What a thrill it gives one to turn over the first shovel of dirt in the spring! What a smell of life and growing things there is in it! What a pleasure it is to break up the lumps, or even hold a lump in one's hand, and feel the dirt trickle through one's fingers! After I was six years old, digging in the dirt, no matter what the object, was always a quest for angleworms. What a shout I would give when an especially large worm stuck his head out of the dirt! I was on him like a flash, but often he disappeared in his hole and it was impossible to get him without digging.

When the bed had been well spaded, it was raked until every last lump was out, and then it was ready for the seed. Lettuce and radishes were all that went in the first day. Later on, the tomato plants that had been growing in the house ever since February first were transplanted into the hot bed for a few weeks before they finally went into the garden. This transplanting made them stocky. When this bed had been sowed, a piece of cheesecloth was stretched over it and it was left to the sun and the rain. This was the first start toward gardening. We children usually pulled up one end of the cloth each day until the small green plants first appeared. Oh, the joy of growing things, and the joy of helping them grow!

The following week after preparing the hotbed, we followed the men to the real garden. It had not been ploughed, but a portion of it had been spaded up and prepared for planting early peas. The rows were first lined out by stretching a cord from end to end where the peas were to be planted, and then a small trough was hollowed out beside the cord. Fertilizer or manure was dropped in the trough and covered with dirt, and the peas were planted in some mellow dirt on top. This is where we really got our first smell of the new earth. The hotbed had just been play farming. This was the real thing.

The birds were so tame they often hopped along behind us looking for worms. Angleworms are the robins' specialty. Each small robin in the nest eats fourteen feet of earth worms a day, so the parent birds have to hustle to get the quota.

I have never forgotten the warmth and cheer of these early Spring days. The air was like old wine and something got in the blood from the sunshine and air, a sense of a world waking from a long slumber. It made one want to run and shout, and that is just what we did; shouted, laughed, and rolled on the ground where it was not wet. I know of no fragrance more bewitching than the smell of the first blade of grass, still unseen in last year's dead leaves. I have often discovered new grass merely by the smell, when my seeing friends could not see it. We would all get down on our knees, and poke away the dead leaves, and, sure enough, there were the new blades, just where I knew they would be. The first touch of green in the great landscape of springtime, the most ethereal picture of the entire year.

I often marvel, as I look back on my childhood, at the wonder and beauty of a child's day. Then, from the time the sun first peeped into my bedroom window till it sank behind the western hills, the day seemed as long as a month does now. How packed with excitement and thrills one day could be! The morning sunshine was so bright it made us squint, and the dew upon the grass was like diamonds. The grass was like a green rug, and the flowers were brighter than they have ever been since, while their fragrance fairly ravished small nostrils. The birds too, sang sweeter than they ever have since. I truly think the senses are all sharpened in childhood. That is why children have such violent likes and dislikes.

By the middle of the forenoon, our stomachs fairly ached with pangs of hunger. Cookies or doughnuts never tasted so good as they did at the forenoon lunch. We would have fainted but for that. And what a long, long arc it was from the time the sun first appeared in the east, until he stood immediately over head at noon! By dinner time that lunch seemed to have entirely disappeared. Small plates were passed again and again, until it seemed small stomachs would burst. After dinner we were admonished to rest awhile and let our food digest, but work or play seemed the better course.

Never a day passed but there was some small tragedy of childhood for us. Perhaps it was a stubbed toe which had to be done up in varnish with a rag around it, or a bad sliver that had to be dug out, or maybe it was just a stomach ache after the hearty dinner. All these childish troubles mother was equal to.

When the sun had slipped down half way to the

western horizon there was another lunch, more cookies, or a drink of milk. Young bodies full of energy and thrilling with childish desires burn up food rapidly; that is why children are always hungry.

When we finally gathered around the supper table, it was a tired and sometimes cross company. Almost an eternity had passed since morning. We seemed much older, but little wiser. After supper it was always fascinating to see the parent birds feed their young, and finally a low sleepy twittering from the trees told us that the birds were going to bed. When the bats began to fly or the nighthawks to zoom in the May sky, it was bedtime and we went trooping up to bed. It was a race to get our clothes off before the sandman claimed us. What sleep, deep, long, and restful as only childhood knows!

There are some things upon a farm that a boy can do as well as a man. It did not much matter whether I had any time to play, to go to school, or to grow; so it was I that had to drop potatoes and corn for the men to plant. So many eyes upon each piece of potato, and five kernels of corn in each hill. If I looked away to see a bird or a squirrel, I might make a mistake, and then there would be trouble.

But this was child's play besides riding the horse to cultivate corn or potatoes and riding the horse to mark out rows was still harder. To sight a hillock or a stone and keep it just between the horse's ears for twenty rods; that was a task. On hot days the horse would sweat, and how the sweat would sting on my bare legs. I was always glad when spring planting was done, and the crops had been hoed out once. Spring was soon followed by summer and that meant more work for both men and boys.

I have always liked the merry music of a whetstone on a scythe, and the chatter of the mowing machine. If this music was all there was to haying it would be fine. But I had to get out a small fork and follow the men when they mowed by hand, and spread the swaths, so they could dry in the summer sun. Then in the late afternoon I had to follow the horse, rake with my small rake and pick up the scatterings. If I stopped to eat raspberries by the stone wall, the horse rake would get ahead of me. If we were short of help, and we usually were, I had to go up on the load and place the hay as it came up to me in great forkfuls. Often I could barely get it in place, it came so fast.

There was a summer drink made especially for the hay field, with which we occasionally refreshed ourselves. It was made of vinegar, molasses, and water. It was really a stodgy drink, but I have never tasted anything since as refreshing as that vinegar, water, and molasses. We always kept it in a stone jug, under a shady bush, so it would keep cool. I never saw any ice in our house during my boyhood.

After the load of hay was in the barn, I sometimes had to go up on the scaffold and help push the hay back under the eaves. This was the hottest work of all, and I was often nearly smothered. Mother always came out to the barn with a cool drink after each load. It was Mother who always did the nice things, and kept smiling, no matter how tired she was.

If dropping potatoes and corn in the spring had been hard work, it was child's play beside picking up the potatoes and husking the corn in the autumn. In imagination I can see the small boy today, drag-

ging along two baskets behind the men as they dug the potatoes. This was long before the days of the potato-digging machine which digs the potatoes and then bags them, all at the same time. The smaller of the two baskets was for pig potatoes, as we called them. These were the small ones, or any which had been cut while digging. Such potatoes would not keep, so went to the pigs' basket. The large basket got heavy sooner than the small one, and the men had occasionally to move it, especially when it was nearly full. There was always the excitement of looking for a mammoth potato which could be kept for cattle-show.

Although some of the song birds had gone south, yet there were still a few who hopped along behind us, looking for angleworms. But the fishing season had gone by, so my interest in angleworms was slight.

After the potatoes were dug, there was the corn husking. Sometimes it was done in the field, with the merry autumn winds whistling around us, or perhaps it was on the barn floor, or in the yard. Occasionally there was a day of husking in the field that was more wonderful even than June. A day of hazy blue skies, fleecy, dreamy clouds, and balmy air. On such days the jays were always squalling in the far end of the cornfield and the crows were cawing in the distant woods.

There was some fun to be had in the autumn, between picking up potatoes and husking corn. This was in going to the woods for chestnuts, or to the cranberry bog for cranberries. One small boy loaned his shirt to be filled with beechnuts, after the pails had been filled, and he was frantic from the prickers before he could clean the shirt.

Indian summer is always a joy in the country. Then nature seems to crowd all the beauty of earth into a few wonderful days. This was only a breathing spell, however, before the boisterous autumn winds set in and we were driven into the house.

Pig killing day, just before Thanksgiving, was an event at the end of the road. Children have a streak of barbarity about them, and no matter how the pigs squealed when they were stuck it was just thrilling and exciting instead of painful and distressing. This was before the more merciful practice of shooting the hogs. After the pigs had been scalded I used to like to help scrape off the bristles, but the hours of tediously turning a sausage machine were not so pleasant.

Pork, in outlying county districts, is about the only meat the country people have, so the salting down of several barrels of pork meant much to the family.

On Thanksgiving day we usually went up to Grandpa and Grandmother Gurney's for the day, and this was a gala occasion. Grandfather's farm seemed so much more interesting than ours. It was a day for revelling and feasting. A thoroughly tired family returned home late in the evening, but we had something to think about for many days.

We children always hoped that Uncle William Hawkes would put in an appearance with his Herrick Medicine wagon before the winter really set in. It was a joyful occasion when he finally appeared. We were interested in his two splendid bay Morgan horses, and in his many stories of the country that he saw in the course of his travels. He also brought us many rare coins that he picked up on the road.

It was from him that we learned of Niagara Falls,

all the wonders of the Maine coast, Cape Cod and her fishermen, and New Bedford and her whalers. He also had many exciting stories of adventures on the road. We would sit for hours while he told stories of his travels. We were hungry for knowledge and had few books or magazines, so these stories were like books. The two or three days of this visit always passed too quickly, and then with a sigh we settled down to the monotony of winter months—long tedious days, when the winds howled, and the snow sifted and drifted outside and we were restless and wished that spring would come again.

Christmas did make a break in the long, cold winter months. It was a proud day when I was allowed to go with father to the woods to select the Christmas tree. I always liked to help draw it home. There were no "boughten" Christmas presents in those days—at least for the children at the end of the road. So our presents were some warm mittens that Grandma had knit for us, or stockings or handkerchiefs, with home made candy that mother made. We were allowed to put on our best clothes for the Christmas Tree.

After Christmas we settled down to winter with the best grace we could. Of course there was sliding and building snow men and other simple winter sports. The thing I hated about winter was the interminable woodpile, that I constantly hacked and sawed at when I was not in school.

When I was seven I began going to the district school, which was a mile away. This was a long walk when the going was bad. I always went across lots to save distance, and that meant I did not always have the advantage of roads, but my legs were sturdy

in those days, and my wind good. Often it was so cold that my boots froze on my feet so they had to be thawed before I could get them off. Frequently my dinner froze in my dinner pail, but that was just part of the day's work.

When we finally got word that Grandpa Gurney had set his maple sugar orchard, our hearts gave a great bound of joy. If maple sugar making had begun, surely spring was on the way.

Then what a sharp lookout we kept for pussy-willows! These little cats by the brookside were one of the first signs of returning spring.

Finally, one bright morning, we discovered a blue-bird, sweet little harbinger of spring, and we fairly shouted for joy. Our hope bird had come back! Soon robins would follow them and the glad procession of the song-birds would begin. Eagerly we sought arbutus and then cowslips by the brookside. Somehow spring always got in our blood. It cannot mean so much to city children as it did to us in the country. Spring meant freedom and joy, hope and achievement. We seemed to feel the tingling sap in the maple and the blood in the bloodroot. Everything was sentient with life, so how could we help but feel it? Sleds and jumpers were put away, and with them the musty dusty thoughts of winter. Glad springtime was here again. The world was being recreated and we would grow with it. We would keep pace with the birds and the flowers. We would breathe in unison with the ancient woods, for spring had come again and all was well. There would be no more dull stupid days, even at the end of the road.

Chapter II

WHERE I STUDIED WOODCRAFT

One of the first external things that flooded my childish consciousness, thrilling the awakening soul with a new joy, was the song of the robin, filling my little chamber with sweet melody, and causing the child in the crib to lie very still lest the minstrel be frightened away.

He was on the old elm, that stood like a giant guardian just above the roof of the house. Its long, low branches almost swept the shingles, and indeed one could hear them brushing the roof on a windy night.

Cock robin had builded his nest in the old elm, so near to the window that I could almost touch it with my hand. The last thing I remembered at night, when the sandman came for me from over the hills, was the tender twilight reverie of the robin, and the first sound that broke upon my waking senses was his morning rhapsody.

There were other songs too, even more bewitching than robin's, including the wonderful liquid notes of the oriole, and the gurgling of blithe bobolink down in the orchard, but robin lived so near to my trundle-bed that he seemed a part of my slumbers, and his song was as much a prelude to slumber as mother's "Twilight Stories."

My second passion, one that nearly every country child experiences, was for flowers and bouquets of all kinds. Some of these bouquets were very primitive, consisting of buttercups, daisies, and dandelions, all picked with such short stems that it was

almost impossible to hold them in one's hand, and the shorter-stemmed ones were always falling out; but these bouquets were most satisfactory. The bright colours fascinated the eye, and if they were not fragrant, it only needed imagination of childhood to make them so.

When a few more years had made the little legs sturdy, and the feet more sure of their footing, this passion carried us far afield, in search of the rarer wild flowers. Some we loved for their fragrance and beauty, while others held a personality that made them always interesting. Such was the jack-in-the-pulpit, who stood straight in his pulpit and preached a sermon for every day in the week.

When I was five years old, and had worn pants and a Garibaldi waist for at least a year (it seemed to me like ten), I put away childish things and became a man. The particular event that marked the change I shall always remember, for in reality it was a veritable crossing of the Rubicon, and the passion engendered on that warm summer morning has gone with me ever since.

Over in the meadow, two stones' throw from the house, was a little brook where I went to play when I had leave. This morning I found a pin, longer and more pliable than its fellows, and the spirit of Isaac Walton awoke within me (the same Isaac that our fathers and grandfathers have felt before us) on finding that pliable pin. It needed only a twine string and the butt of an old buggy whip to complete the outfit, and the young fisherman was ready for the brook.

I could not hazard the risk of being told that I could not go down to the brook this morning, so took

"French leave." This gave an added relish to the undertaking and made it seem almost like piracy.

Do you wrinkled, care-worn old men, who have been making corns and bunions upon your feet for the past seventy years by wearing tight shoes, remember how the dew sparkled and the fragrance rose from clover and buttercup as you stirred them in their bed and sent showers of dew from their faces? Oh, the thrill and the joy of it all! It will not come again. You might take off your shoes and scuff in the dew now, but it would not be the same. The trouble is, your heart is no longer the heart of a boy.

Over the brook was a quaint little stone bridge. The sunlight filtered down between the stones and fell upon the clear water beneath. Out in the open the sunlight was transparent and nearly colourless, but down under the bridge it was a shaft of burnished gold. How my heart thumped as I shook out the twine line and tossed the pin hook into the sparkling brook!

With what eagerness I watched it drift to and fro, and what a thrill it gave each time the swirl caught the worm and tugged at the line. Then there was a flash of something bright through the water, a quick splash, and a tug at the line that was so sudden and unexpected that the young fisherman nearly lost his tackle, pole and all. But a moment later he recovered his nerve and dragged a beauty of a trout, flopping and jumping, on to the middle of the bridge.

There was no more fishing that morning, for with a whoop like a wild Indian the small fisherman clutched the fish in both hands and started for the house at his best pace, shouting as he went, "I've got a trout, I've got a trout."

The fish was not even taken from the pin hook, although he soon flopped himself free. The fish-pole was trailed behind in the dust, in the excitement of the moment, and all but the prize was forgotten. The admonition not to go to the brook had also been lost sight of, but it did not matter, now he had caught his first trout.

For half the forenoon, the boy sat on the door-step admiring the speckled beauty, with his wonderful deep green mottled back and his red and yellow sides, and he was loath to part with him, even to let him go into the frypan for his dinner. This fish seemed almost too good to fry. It was his first trout!

This day marked an epoch in the life of the boy, for from that time a companionship with the little brook began that he has never outgrown. Nothing, even now, rests the tired thought-racked brain like the low splashing and purling of a tiny silver stream.

Before the boy caught his first trout he had been contented to wade in the shallows and catch shiners in his palm-leaf hat, but this was too childish a sport now. Shiners and pollywogs might do for children, but he must have fish-hooks and a peeled alder pole, to fish for trout in the deep holes. There was no peace for his elders until the fish-hook and line had been obtained, and the alder pole was of his own making.

Then whenever there was a holiday, or an odd hour between the light tasks that were his, the alder pole might be seen trailing behind the small boy, whose nimble legs were carrying him at their top pace to the brook.

His patience and natural love of fishing brought many kinds of fish to the willow stringer he carried

in one hand. There were dace and trout, red fins and suckers, rock suckers and shiners, and once in a great while a horned pout that had wandered far upstream from the distant pond.

All the water grasses, reeds, and rushes he also knew, and the lilies that floated gracefully upon the current, supporting themselves by their broad leaves, and breathing their sweet breath on the summer air. Then there was sweet-flag, so spicy when prepared with candied sugar, while the cat-tails made graceful wands or magic rods.

Strange tracks there were, too, in the mud along the bank of the little stream, but the boy did not discover or understand them at the time. He learned later to know them all, and to tell a muskrat track from a mink track, and also to look for woodcock borings.

The same summer that he learned to angle he built a dam on the brook and made the water turn a small wheel for his amusement. This was a most interesting bit of machinery, and it lasted until the heavy fall rains, when the dam was swept away and the water-wheel and the long spout that had conducted water to it went down-stream.

The following year the boy's father took him to a distant deep hole and taught him to swim. Diving and swimming upon his back were accomplishments he also learned, and after that the water had still more attraction for him, for he was no longer afraid of it where it ran deep and swift, as he had been before.

A brook always seems to the nature lover like a living, moving thing. He likes to dabble his hand in it and feel the rush of its current. Its touch is soft

and its caress refreshing. Then the brook is so moody it seems like a living spirit. Where the shadows of overhanging trees and bushes fall upon it its own face is clouded and sad, but where the full sunlight falls it gives back the very smile of heaven. Then in anger, when swollen by rain, it is majestically terrible—tossing, foaming, and roaring.

But the brookside was only one of the many places where the boy learned of nature and her wondrous ways.

There were long tramps over the hills to distant pasture-lands for berries during the summer season. I have seen blueberry lots where the wild bushes stood so near together and were so loaded with fruit, the lot would look almost as blue as water at a little distance. Then along the edge of the woods among the pines giant blackberry bushes bowed under their load of delicious berries. Out on the bog meadow, where the muskrat makes his home by the ditch, there were plenty of cranberries, growing on their pretty vines down in the meadow moss.

We boys frequently left the berry-picking to see if we could discover any of the tenants of the queer conical houses, which at a distance looked so much like haycocks. Or, if it were hot, as it was quite likely to be in the autumn, when we had a spell of Indian summer, we would go away into the deep woods beyond the meadow to spy out chestnut and walnut trees, or possibly wild grapes.

Bounteous stores there were in the woods, and we knew quite well where to find them—the dry knolls where the partridge-berries grew, and the lightning-scarred spruce that had such stores of gum. Hemlock limbs we selected for bows, and a straight

willowy ironwood did not go unnoticed, for when it was cut and peeled it made a glorious fish-pole.

No country farmhouse is quite complete unless it is fortified against sun, wind, and rain, by a goodly array of shade-trees. I always keep a miniature of the farmhouse where I spent my childhood in a bright corner of my memory, and when tired of hustle and bustle, I retire to it for a quiet half-hour.

The road at the front of the house was lined by a double row of maples that spread their green, grateful shade across the lawn in summer time, and in autumn flung out their scarlet banners to the wind and carpeted the green-sward with the most flaming Persian rugs. At the back of the house was a giant elm, that spread its broad branches in every direction, proclaiming shade and protection for all.

The old elm was so strong and graceful, it seemed a veritable monarch. Near the barn were two mountain ashes that shed their leaves early in autumn, and as though to make up for this nakedness put on a garb of scarlet berries that made them easily the brightest trees in the neighbourhood.

The large apple orchard across the road carpeted the grass in the early days of May with its white petals, until under some trees it looked as though there had been a snow squall, but the petals of other trees were too pink to suggest snow and almost bright enough to be rose petals. Blossoming cherry and plum trees also helped steep the air with fragrance.

What a touch of life and hope there was in the morning wind as it came galloping over the billowing grass across the broad meadow, up to the little back porch, where I had lugged the old fashioned dasher churn, determined to get as cool a spot as possible for so warm a task!

If the trees are the friends of men in the springtime, so they are in the autumn, when they hang heavy with red and russet fruit, and cluster with brown, obstinate nuts, that so long withstand clubbing and poling, but rattle down so easily at the touch of the first frost.

There was always something doing in the trees, also, and that made them even more interesting. Perhaps it was a bird's nest, or a family of young robins learning to fly. They might be peeping away with might and main, or perhaps they sat perfectly still and looked as though they did not know what it all meant. Their short tails and round bodies always gave them a comical look. Sometimes there would be a great commotion in the trees and loud calls for help. Then investigation would disclose a mischievous red squirrel trying to rob a bird's nest, with both the old birds flying at him and pecking at his eyes.

Sometimes a tree would be black with crows, all of whom were cawing, as though shouting to the chairman for the floor. You might wonder for a long time what they were doing, but presently you would see a great brown owl, or a steely blue hawk, fly hastily out of the tree, and make for the woods with all speed, closely followed by the noisy procession.

The last week in April is fence mending time in the country where they have brush fences. Then nature is beginning to unfold her secrets, and tell the world that old, old, story that is yet new with each recurring spring. It is the task of the boy to go with the hired man and cut small saplings for fence stakes, but he occasionally neglects his portion of the fence mending to creep away into the woods after something more interesting.

Perhaps he has heard a cock partridge drumming in the distance, and he wishes to creep up and catch a glimpse of this wary bird upon his drumming log, with head erect and pompous as a drum major, sounding forth his thunderous roll-call of the woods. Or it may be the chattering of a red squirrel in a distant thicket has whetted the boy's curiosity, or the calling of crows may have suggested the possibility of locating a crow's nest, which could be visited later on in the season, when the young crows are hatched out.

Each season calls for a pilgrimage to the woods and each is as different as four acts of a drama.

Summer time gives us wealth of life. No matter where one goes, life is creeping, crawling, stretching up to the light. Leaves, wild flowers, grasses, briars, and ferns all swell with life, and breathe it forth upon the air.

But the season when one can find out most about the wild creatures in the woods, just how they live, and what they were doing last night, is winter. There are not so many birds or squirrels about then as in the warmer seasons, but each tells his life story in the soft snow whenever he goes abroad.

It was one of my keenest boyhood delights to go far into the woods with the logging teams when the snow was deep, and see with my own eyes what was doing.

We could always find a fox track near a little spring at the edge of the woods. The spring was a boisterous, bubbling vein of water and did not like to cease its motion, even at the touch of Jack Frost. So on a warm day, Mr. Fox could get a drink of water there, although he might have to eat snow during the extremely cold snaps.

Where the wood road crossed a swampy bit of land and there were scrub spruces and a little laurel, we usually spied the triangular rabbit track, with its four paw prints in a bunch. The two by two's of the squirrel or weasel could be seen almost anywhere, but the weasel's track was heavier than the squirrel's and you could occasionally notice where his belly brushed the snow.

A hole in the snow, with a lot of scraggly tracks about it, showed where a partridge spent the night. Or there might be a fox track leading to the partridge's hiding place; then there were usually feathers and blood upon the snow.

I saw a track one winter that puzzled me for a long time, but an old hunter finally told me what made it. The track was merely a succession of long, trough-shaped holes scooped out of the snow, two or three feet apart. The old woodsman's eyes were sharper than mine and he showed me where long fine hairs upon the creature's belly had brushed the snow between each track hole, and here and there a footprint where the hind paws had spurned the show.

It was an otter's track, and the snow was too deep for his short legs, so he travelled in a series of plunges, and this had made the queer track.

A skunk makes somewhat the same track in soft snow, only he is not lively enough even to jump, so his track is a shallow trough ploughed from bush to stump.

Did you ever notice a partridge track running clear around a low bush? If you will examine the ends of the twigs that are low down, you will find that the buds have been stripped from them for the hungry partridge's supper. This only happens in

exceptional seasons, for the partridge prefers to do his budding up in a tree out of reach of cats and foxes.

Another country experience that brings the boy near to nature is the maple sugar season. To stand in a maple sugar grove, where scores of trees are festooned with the brightly painted buckets, and hear half a hundred sap spouts trickling out their silver drip, drip, drip, is pleasant music.

To boil sap at the lonely sugar camp is quite as delightful. There is the awe of a winter's night in the woods, when the moonbeams play pranks with the trees and bushes, and people the dim ring at the edge of your lantern's light with phantoms and hobgoblins. The wind, too, is full of pranks, and delights to shriek and moan, like an evil spirit, while the great limbs of the maples grinding together make uncanny sounds. All these things make a boy's blood tingle, and lend mystery and possible adventure to the night's work.

The dry sugar wood snapping and gleaming in the spacious arch sends out a cheerful, home-like light, and its waxing and waning help to make the night spectral. Then shrouded and hooded figures dance and wave their arms wildly in the clouds of steam that rise from the sap pan, while an owl fills in the pauses between stories and songs with hair-raising laughter and shrieks. Even more ghostly than the graveyard scene in Hamlet is a winter night in the woods.

Like Hiawatha, I early learned the use of bow and arrow, but could not slay the roebuck, or even a chipmunk. The only thing I remember killing with either bow and arrow or cross-gun, was a pine gros-

beak a friend wanted to mount. But the big barn door and the gate post suffered, and even the house bore arrow marks. There are scores of rude play-things that every country boy knows how to make that are quite as interesting as manufactured toys. Bows and arrows, sling-shot, and darts, spears, and lances, jumpers, and sleds, hoops, growlers, kites, and water-wheels, all these and many other simple devices make the country boy's life quite as full and happy as that of the pampered, toy-laden city child.

I was particularly fortunate in my companionship afield, for I enjoyed the confidence of two or three old woodsmen, at whose heels I tramped the woods in spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

Together we saw the wary partridge spring from cover on roaring wings, and speed away like an express train. The whistling wings of the woodcock did not give us such a start, and as he flew much slower one had a better view of him.

Once we found tracks in the dust by the roadside where a bevy of quail had passed the night. They had stood in a bunch, their tails together and heads outward as though for mutual protection.

We saw strange things on those long rambles through the forest. Molly Cottontail scurried across our path, but squatted under a bush to see what we were like. Squirrels eyed us curiously from the tops of trees, and the red squirrel usually scolded away and made a great fuss because we had dared to come into his woods.

I came to know all the call notes, songs, and cries that floated down the aisles of the sweet green woods. The rat-a-tat of the black and white and the red and white woodpeckers, and the queer cackle of their

larger cousin, the yellow hammer. Once we heard the cackle of the piliated woodpecker, a very wild and rare bird, sixteen or eighteen inches in length, and the most beautiful of all woodpeckers, but only once were we fortunate enough to see him.

On some of these long tramps we learned that both the blue jay and the bittern are spies or sentinels, and when they hear or see anyone coming through the woods they quickly spread the news and put the wood folks on their guard. I have heard the woods ringing with bird calls and chatter of squirrels, but at a call from a noisy jay it would become as quiet as though entirely deserted.

There were wonderful songsters that we stole quietly upon at the edge of the woods, or found in low bushes along the swamps. The veery and the hermit thrush are two of the sweetest singers that ever trilled a note, not to mention their merry cousin the brown thrasher, who watches the farmer as he plants his corn, and continually cries, "Plant it; plant it; dig it up; dig it up. Pull it up. Pull it up."

I also learned to tell many birds by their flight when they were too far away to distinguish their color or form. There was the peculiar galloping of the woodpecker family that is only imitated by one other bird; that is the small yellow bird or wild canary.

Then there is the habit of sailing, which is common to the hawk family and rarely indulged in by other birds. The quick strokes of the quail and the meadow-lark, and the darting and skimming of the barn swallow, the lightning plunges of the night-hawk down the twilight sky, followed by that hoarse booming sound—these are only a few peculiarities of

flight that make it possible to tell birds merely by their motion.

The boy who drives cows to pasture at dawn, and goes for them again at twilight, is always learning something new if he keeps his eyes open.

Little brown birds are frequently flashing out of the grass by the path, telling you where their nests are, and the pasture land is a favourite resort of chewink, and the queer cowbird, who is too lazy to build a nest of its own, and so lays its eggs in the nest of its cousin, and expects it to hatch and bring up her young. I am told by one who knows all about birds that the outraged towhee bunting always hatches a new brood, after she has brought up the first brood with the orphan cowbird.

Another sight that fills the young mind with wonder is the steady strong sweep of a flock of wild geese through the trackless sky, on their way to Hudson Bay or some of the Canadian lakes. Nearly as impressive is the flight of a flock of passenger pigeons, with their quick, choppy strokes.

Another view that is less majestic, though stirring, is had from the hilltop on a winter's morning when sly Reynard leads a pack by at a stiff pace, while the full-throated cry of the hounds echoes from hilltop to hilltop.

These are some of the secrets that nature yields to the bright eyes and eager mind of the country boy who follows her way faithfully, and is content with seeing.

He may not have quite as much book knowledge as the city boy, but he has other treasures infinitely more valuable. The wind has told him secrets at the garden wall on a summer's eve, and the wild flowers

have opened their hearts to him and lifted up their faces for him to see. He has heard the low, sweet whisper of spring rising from the dank mould at the touch of sunlight, and his heart has been glad with the joy of bursting buds and opening leaves. He has seen the speckled eggs, and the fledglings in the nest, and wondered at the manifold life of bird, beast, and plant.

But best of all, this is his world, made especially for him. The birds have sung just for him and the flowers have bloomed just for his delight. Blackberries have ripened at the forest's edge merely that he might pick them, and the tall chestnut and walnut trees have been mindful of him.

How could he be other than happy in a world like this? And that he has been, the world-weary man can best tell you. It was out of such a heart, and with a deep longing for the joy of childhood, that the poet, Hood, wrote this beautiful stanza:

I remember, I remember
The Fir Trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Chapter III

THE BOY WITH THE DINNER PAIL

How often since that memorable day when I reluctantly turned my back upon the old district school house and went away to the city, have I longed for the freedom and the sweet philosophy of the boy with a dinner pail! His was a joyous lot and his life was as free as the winds that blow.

In those rich days I owned the world—the birds, the squirrels, the fields, and all that they contained. Nor was I content with owning merely the world, for was not the free blue sky mine, with its treasures of stars, some of which still glimmered when I drove the cows to pasture in the dewy, fragrant morning?

Half way down to the old school house the boy with a dinner pail sometimes left the travelled road for a shorter way. This was an old discontinued road, so grown with brush that one would have never guessed it had been a road at all, had it not been for a half tumbled down stone wall on either side. Beside these walls grew raspberry and blackberry bushes, and many a good meal they furnished the famished boy on his way home from school. Also an occasional scrub apple tree bore delicious fruit, but some of these wild apples were as sour as vinegar.

One memorable morning, early in May the boy turned into the old disused road as usual and was trotting along whistling a merry tune, when from the nearby marsh came a strange and ominous sound. It was a deep three-syllable booming, that rolled across the lowlands and was lost in the distance.

The boy sprang upon the wall, curious and half fearful. It had sounded as loud as the bellowing of a

bull and even more resounding, but he did not think it was a bull. Presently he heard it again and this time he was quite certain it was not an animal.

But no sight or sound with which he was not familiar went unchallenged, so he set his dinner pail down beside the wall and crept cautiously forward, always keeping some bush or knoll between him and the spot from which the sound had come.

When he had gone a dozen rods into the marsh, the strange booming sound was heard again, this time much plainer. Now the boy was almost afraid to go forward. He had never heard of any creature that could make such a sound as this. Perhaps he ought to go back, but a strange fascination impelled him to go forward.

He now proceeded with still greater caution, going on his belly and stopping every few seconds to listen. So carefully this young woodsman stalked the strange creature that presently the deep booming sounded again, this time only three or four rods away.

It could not be a bull, for the marsh was not wooded and he could see in every direction. So he lay still in the grass and listened. But the marsh was as quiet as though nothing inhabited it.

How strange it seemed! Perhaps it was a hobgoblin that would swallow him up. He did not like strange noises that could not be explained. As the silence deepened, a wild terror seized the boy. Somebody or something must move or cry out. He could stand it no longer, so with a yell like a wild Indian, he sprang to his feet and swung his hat about his head.

But no four-footed creature appeared. Instead a great clumsy winged bird, tall and awkward, rose in

the air with a startled cry, and flopped slowly away.

The boy had a fleeting vision of long, dangling, yellow legs, and large body, of brown and buff with light markings.

The boy had never seen such a bird as this before, but the mystery of the booming noise still troubled him. It surely could not be made by a bird, but try as he would he could not dispel the idea that the great awkward stranger had been in some way connected with the awful sounds. Mere words could never express the boy's astonishment and disgust, on returning to his dinner pail, to find it bottom side up and a yearling heifer munching complacently at the last mouthful of a saucer pie that had been baked expressly for him.

Nearly every morning after that the boy heard the queer booming sound in the marsh, and each time crept cautiously forward, only to flush the strange bird; but he never saw him make the sound, although he was quite sure now that the bird made it, as there was no other living thing on the marsh capable of such a sound.

One morning, while stalking the bird from a new direction, he discovered the nest upon which the female was sitting. She was not like most birds that the boy knew, for she did not fly away in a great show of fear when he approached her, but stuck persistently to the nest, even pecking at the intruder. Finally when the boy swung his hat to scare her she ran away into the grass, disclosing her treasures to his inquisitive eyes. It was the poorest kind of a nest, merely a few bunches of coarse grass scratched together in a clumsy manner, with no attempt to line the nest.

The eggs were large and of a brownish drab and five in number. It was something to have found the nest of the "great boomer," as the boy now called the strange bird, and he felt quite well repaid for his persistence.

When the eggs finally hatched, and it always seems like a long time to the boy who is watching, the young birds were all legs and heads, and altogether the ugliest fledglings the boy ever saw. He was never quite sure just what the old birds fed the little ones, although he found the fragments of a frog about the nest one morning. Probably grasshoppers, grubs, and small crustaceans also found their way to the young bitterns. These awkward, helpless fledglings stayed in the nest six or eight weeks. The boy did not know just when they went, but at the end of eight weeks they were gone, and he occasionally flushed them in the marsh, or along the little stream that flowed near by.

The boy never expected to have as good a look at the "great boomer" as he finally did, but it came about this way. One morning near the close of the school year, as he was crossing the marsh, he heard the roar of a shotgun near at hand, and went to see who was out gunning and what the game was.

He soon met Eb Thompson, an old hunter and woodsman, coming across the marsh. In his hand he was carrying a large bird, and the boy saw it was the "great boomer."

"Hello, Eb, what have you got," cried the boy excitedly.

"An American bittern, and a big one," replied the hunter composedly. "I got him out here by Willow Brook, and he is a beauty, I guess it is a male."

The hunter laid the bittern down on the grass and spread him out to his full length. Then taking a tape measure from his pocket, he stretched it from the bird's beak to the tip of his tail. It measured twenty-eight inches, which is a large bittern.

His upper side was brownish buff, thickly spotted or speckled with reddish brown and black. His neck was buff, and there was a white line down his throat. There was a patch of gray on the sides of the neck. His whole underside was pale buff striped with brown. His bill was yellow and his long legs were yellowish green. Altogether he was a gorgeous fellow.

It is no wonder that the boy had been almost afraid of the strange cries on the marsh, when we recall this thrilling description of the sound, as described by Oliver Goldsmith:

"It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard this evening call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like the interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters."

Other sounds there were upon the lonely marsh, beside the booming of the great bittern, that fascinated the boy with the dinner pail. Most of these sounds were heard in the early spring, for it is then that all creatures are mating, and planning for the new home that shall be their joy for the coming summer. In the early springtime not only the birds and the four footed creatures become vocal, telling their joy to the world, but also the bursting buds and the greening grass seem to be whispering a language all their own, so low and sweet that only the finest ear can hear it.

One spring twilight the boy was trudging homeward across the lonely marsh as usual. He had stopped to play with another boy who lived near the school house, so when reaching the loneliest part of the marsh, it was already twilight, and soft mist clouds were hanging over the lowlands.

Suddenly the boy stopped to listen and almost held his breath in the intensity of the moment. He had heard an old familiar note and wanted to satisfy himself that his ears had not deceived him.

There it was again, and there was no mistaking it now, "beef, beef, beef." It was a strange hoarse cry, rather rasping and without the slightest suggestion of music in it. One would have said upon hearing it for the first time, it was made by an animal instead of a bird. But the boy had heard it before, and knew it was Mr. Woodcock and somewhere out on the marsh he and Mrs. Woodcock were planning a nest.

There was a sudden whirr of wings like a penny whistle with a pea in it, and Mr. Woodcock shot up, out of the mist, and went soaring up into the sky, going up in a beautiful spiral, as the eagle does, only the rings in his spiral were much smaller than those in the eagle's. How joyous and full of good spirits his twilight flight was! Just as though his heart was so light he had to go up. Up, up, he went, two hundred feet, three, four, and five, until the boy could just make him out against the dusky sky. Now he is zig-zagging across the sky parallel to the earth and the whistle of his wings is no longer heard. Now he is coming down in a long zig-zag coast, light as a bubble. But what is that chattering. "Che-at-ter, chatter, chitchee, chatter chit chee," something like the chatter of chimney swallows, only many times

louder and sweeter. Now it is fairly poured from the ecstatic throat, the notes following so closely upon one another as to be almost one continuous sound. "Chatter chit-chee, chee, chee, chee, cheep, cheep, chit, chee." Here he comes over the boy's head, so near that he could have touched him with a fishing pole. Now the mist has swallowed him, but out of the marsh he hears the hoarse cry, more like a bleat than a bird note, "beef, beef, beef."

The boy heaves a deep sigh of satisfaction at the sound, and trudges toward home, feeling he too must grow like the rest of the world, and be glad.

But the most interesting thing on the marsh was a family that lived in an old water elm, near the little foot bridge that crossed the brook.

One morning the boy was sitting upon the little bridge, breaking off bits of bark, and snapping them into the stream. He did this just to see if there would come that sudden flash of something bright, a swirl in the water and then an eddy to tell where the trout had jumped. This was the boy's favorite pastime when he had a minute to spare near the brook.

He got no rise this morning to his sham bait, but presently he heard soft wings winnowing the air above him, and looking up saw a small, beautifully marked duck passing directly over his head, and a second later it alighted in the old water elm just below the bridge.

The boy had never seen a duck alight in a tree before, but he had read of the duck who lives in a tree and knew at once this must be the wood duck, or summer duck, as it is called.

The boy was still more interested in this duck

Fishing for Pickerel

when it disappeared in a hole in the tree, a few minutes later. He heard an occasional low quack or murmur, so knew there must be another duck in the tree. Soon another duck came out and flew away to the woods, and when the boy saw that she was smaller than the first one and not so gaily dressed, he knew this was the female. She had gone to the woods for some of last year's beechnuts, or acorns, or any other kind of nut she could find. Perhaps if she found nuts scarce, she would pick up some weed seeds on the marsh before her return. There must be a nest, thought the boy, else the two ducks would have gone together. The male bird had stayed to keep the eggs warm while his mate went for her breakfast. He would climb up to that hole some morning and see.

All through the evening thoughts of what might be in the bottom of the hole in the old water elm haunted the boy, and he dreamed that night of climbing the tree and falling into the stream for his pains.

The next morning on his way to school, he examined the tree to see if he could climb it. It was dead and almost without limbs and looked quite a proposition. But the boy was all curiosity to know what was going on in the hollow, which was about twenty feet from the ground, so he got a stone from the bed of the stream, and drummed on the old stub.

"Wake-up, wake-up, wake-up," said a voice in the tree. It was not a quack, but more like a croak or a whistle. Then the boy saw that the beautiful duck whom he had first seen the day before was sitting on a limb near the hole, keeping watch. He looked half asleep himself, and the admonition might as well have been given to him.

For the answer came a low, drowsy murmur in the hollow stub, which plainly said, "Wake-up yourself. I am all right. What is the matter anyhow?"

The beams of the morning sun fell full on the little drake, who was apparently keeping watch in the tree, and the boy had never seen a more beautiful bird. He was a small duck, about eighteen inches in length. His head and crest were metallic green and purple, which colors refracted the sunlight in many rainbow hues. His eyes wore white spectacles, and he had a white necktie. His underside, of which the boy had a good view, was chestnut and white, and in front of each shoulder was a black and white crescent. His wings were largely purple and green like his head, and when he flew the sunlight played upon them gorgeously.

The boy discovered the following day, when he climbed up and peeped into the hole, that the female was not so brilliant as her mate, being brown and gray, and very modest in her appearance.

Each morning the boy shinned up a pole borrowed from a neighboring fence and peeped into the hollow to see how things were getting on. The first morning he discovered there were six creamy eggs, about the size of small hen's eggs, only they were more pointed than hen's eggs. There was a new egg laid each day until there were thirteen or fourteen. Sometimes the little drake was keeping watch in the tree and would cry, "Wake-up, wake-up, wake-up," but when the boy began climbing the tree he would fly away, though he did not seem to be much afraid. The female duck always stayed on the nest after the first morning. When the eggs were all laid they were covered with down which looked as though it might have come from Mr. Wood Duck's breast.

Frequently the boy would see Mrs. Wood Duck flying away into the woods or just returning and then he would know her mate had been keeping the eggs warm.

The boy did not know just when the eggs hatched, for the farmer claimed his fence post and this broke up the habit of climbing into the tree each morning on the way to school, and finally when he got another pole and climbed up the eggs were all gone but one, and the nest was empty.

How the little ducklings ever got down to the water was another mystery, until an old hunter told the boy the mother duck usually carries the little ones down to the water in her bill, taking them one at a time, by the wing, or their little red webbed feet.

About a week after the disappearance of the ducks from the old water elm, the boy discovered the whole family in a large pool, further down stream, all swimming about and having the finest kind of a time. Both of the old ducks were with the brood caring for them, but the ducklings seemed very active, swimming and nibbling away at water-grass and acting in all ways quite like their elders.

One day the boy discovered a bloodthirsty mink gliding along the bank, intently watching the duck family. He hurried over to a neighbor's house and borrowed a gun and kept guard over his precious ducklings for three hours until this fierce water weasel again appeared, when he shot it, and the ducks were rescued from a grave peril.

After school closed the boy did not have occasion to use the unfrequented road across the marsh and through the meadows where the duck family lived, but he occasionally went around that way just to

see how they were getting on. As the summer advanced they were seen less and less often on the stream and more frequently along the edge of the woods. Finally in September they lived almost entirely in the woods, only going to the water when they felt the need of a swim and some water-grass diet, with which to vary their regular breakfast and supper of acorns.

The boy never knew just when Mr. and Mrs. Wood Duck led their handsome family on that long flight southward, but he never saw them after about the first of October.

Probably they went in the night, as so many birds of passage do, when the dusky mantle shields them from curious eyes. Perhaps if he had been standing at the little bridge just at dusk he might have heard them winnowing by overhead, uttering their soft call-notes.

But one thing is certain; he never passed the little foot-bridge and the old hollow water elm but he thought of the little drake who had watched in the tree and had warned his mate of danger.

Even if the old tree was forsaken now, and the marsh lonely and desolate, perhaps they would come back again in the spring, when Whistle-wings, the woodcock, would dance his love dance in the twilight sky, and the hoarse cry of the jacksnipe would be heard in the land.

Chapter IV

THE BOSTON OF MY SCHOOL DAYS

Boston in the eighties was probably at her zenith. The exodus of her celebrated families, the men and women who had made her great, was not yet in full swing. I refer to the migration from the sacred precincts of Beacon Street to Brookline and the Newtons. Brookline was not often referred to then as Boston's best bedroom.

To most New Englanders outside of Boston, this city was known as the Hub. One almost never hears it called the Hub now. Then most of the small merchants in New England went to the Hub to buy their goods and they nearly all put up at the Adams House. This old hotel was a sort of clearing house for New England small business. I have often wondered if this was not why Calvin Coolidge made his home in the Adams House while he was governor. His father had probably put up there when he came to the Hub from Plymouth, Vermont, to purchase goods for his country store.

In those days, the Coolidge type was common in the Adams House. When I used to lecture in the summers in Vermont and New Hampshire, I very frequently ran across the Coolidge type among small businessmen of those states.

Boston, in those happy days was the commercial hub of New England. It also had a large shipping business. In the eighties, it enjoyed the distinction of having in its precincts, five of the six great American poets who made this section famous during the nineteenth century. They were Lowell, Holmes,

Whittier, Emerson, and Longfellow. True, Whittier lived in Amesbury, but he was always grouped with the Boston poets. The Alcotts, Bronson and Louisa, also added their fame to the community, although they were from Concord, while the shades of Thoreau, Wendell Philips, Channing, and Hawthorne still added luster to the Boston school of literature.

If many of the best authors in the country were clustered in and around Boston, the publishing business there was also flourishing. The exodus to New York had not begun. Such houses as Houghton Mifflin, Little Brown, T. Y. Crowell, Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard, Estes and Lauriat, and the school publishers, Ginn and Company and D. C. Heath, still led in the field of publishing. So, many of the authors of the country came to Boston for publishers.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, was the last word in magazine publishing, although it was not illustrated, and is not to this day. The *Youth's Companion* held an unique field for both young and old, and these publications helped add prestige to the Hub. Boston still needed a wide awake author's club, and that came twenty years later.

Musically, Boston also led, with its Symphony Orchestra, which was the best in the country, excepting none. The Handel and Haydn Society was a chorus of nearly a thousand voices, which gave prestige to the city. The Boston Singers and the St. Cecelia Society also added their bit, while the Kneisel String Quartette had no equal in any country. We had passes at Perkins Institute to all this music. The New England Conservatory continually replenished the music teachers and local artists in New England.

Boston also boasted of a proud array of great preachers at this time, many of whom it was my privilege to hear, either in their churches, or when they came over to Perkins Institute for special occasions. They were Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Trinity, Dr. A. J. Gordan, of the New Old South, James Freeman Clark, of King's Chapel, Dr. Minot Savage and Edward Everett Hale, of the Unitarians. These men added greatly to the prestige of Boston, for the Country Cousins all wanted to hear them when they came to the Hub.

But the greatest asset Boston had at this time was her many old families, who could trace their descents straight from the Mayflower; names that were prominent from the early days of the colonies. Lowell describes them as the wheat of three kingdoms, winnowed from the chaff; and they were surely that. They were cultured, dignified, and sure of their place in the sun. Their forebears looked down upon them from the walls in old portraits, adjuring them to keep the faith and not to forget who they were. Their old furniture, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and all the other early periods, spoke to them from the past. Theirs was indeed a grand tradition, and they carried it well.

Many of the western states owe their thrift and vigor to these old colonial families. Many of their children and grandchildren had taken Greeley's advice and gone west, where they now carried on as their forebears had done before them, while the older generation stayed home to keep the home fires and sacred traditions bright and beautiful.

Boston was for five years my home, and I learned to love her as I did no other city.

It was my great privilege when a lad in my 'teens, living in Boston, to sit for three years under the preaching of "Father Endeavor Clark." At the time I was a pupil at the Perkins Institute in South Boston, and Rev. Francis Edward Clark was the much beloved pastor at Philips church on Broadway. Not only did I listen to his preaching, but he often spoke to us in Sunday school, for he was greatly interested in young people. He also frequently spoke to us at Perkins Institute, either in chapel, or at alumni meetings.

He was rather a quiet, contained man, with a pleasing personality. He was a forceful speaker, but never given to flights of oratory; his method was quiet logic. He was foremost in every good movement in South Boston. I well remember the great sense of loss the church experienced when he left to become the national president of the Christian Endeavor movement.

This was a movement he had started in his Portland Maine church, February 2, 1881. It was certainly a great idea, born in the heart and brain of this splendid clergyman, a movement destined to spread over the entire world. It was "Father Endeavor Clark's" good fortune to live to preside over a world convention in London in 1926.

For many years, Doctor Clark's receipts from the *Christian Endeavor World* defrayed his expenses as he went from city to city. He finally summoned Professor Amos Wells from Antioch college in Ohio to be his assistant editor. Professor Wells and I were fellow members of the Boston Author's Club, and we had many a visit together at the club meetings. In this way I was enabled to keep in touch

with Dr. Clark's great work. Through my friendship with Professor Wells, I became a contributor to the *Endeavor World* and so helped on the cause.

It is safe to say that "Father Endeavor Clark's" great idea for young people has done as much for youth as any similar movement in the world's history. It is a great thing to set in motion an uplift movement like this which will go on long after its originator has passed to his reward. Dr. Clark was certainly one of the patron saints of youth.

Chapter V

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LAST PLEASURE TRIP

Abraham Lincoln's last pleasure trip was so unusual, so dramatic, and so inspiring that I feel every American citizen should know of the occasion, although it is not widely known. The incident came to me while I was a student in Boston in 1887. I was attending a lecture by Charles Carleton Coffin, the celebrated war correspondent for the *Boston Journal* during the Civil War, who had also been a warm friend and ardent admirer of President Lincoln. In the course of this lecture Mr. Coffin gave us a rare bit of little known American history. Although at the time I was still in my 'teens, yet I vowed then and there if I ever had the literary skill I would tell the story in ballad form for other young Americans to read. I did not get to it, however, until 1894, when I wrote the poem, *How Massa Linkum Came*. It was published in 1895 in a well known city daily and was at once copied throughout the country and soon became very popular as an oration for high school students. But that was thirty-five years ago and I feel that the incident should again be brought before the American people. Very briefly this pleasure trip of President Lincoln's was as follows:

On the Sunday following the fall of Richmond and about ten days before his assassination, President Lincoln, in company with his private secretary, with one United States marshall who served as a bodyguard, and Charles Carleton Coffin representing the press, took a tug boat at Washington and went to Richmond. The President was rather sharply criti-

cised at the time by the press for, as several papers pointed out, he was exposing himself unnecessarily and the sinister event which came to pass ten days later rather justified their criticism.

But no untoward event occurred and the Presidential party landed at Richmond after a pleasant sail. In some mysterious way the Negroes had divined that Massa Linkum was coming and they gave him a rousing welcome. My poem deals largely with a very dramatic incident which occurred while the Presidential party was walking up Capitol Hill toward the executive buildings.

Immediately upon publication I sent a copy of the poem to the President's son, Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, who had been minister to England under President Harrison, and who was practicing law in Chicago at the time. I received the following kindly acknowledgment:

June 28, 1895,

The Temple, Chicago,

Dear Mr. Hawkes: On my return from a short absence I found your note of the 16th with its enclosure which I have read with great interest.

I could not but be pleased with any sincere effort in honor of my father's memory, but I assure you that I am especially delighted with your poem and I thank you very sincerely for your kindness in sending it to me.

Permit me also to congratulate you at the bravery and cheerfulness with which you bear your heavy misfortunes. Believe me very sincerely yours,

Robert T. Lincoln

I also sent a copy to Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, who had inadvertently given me this remarkable piece of American history, and he replied as follows:

Charles St., Brookline, Mass.,
May 31, 1895.

My dear Friend: Yours of the 22nd with enclosures came to hand by the following mail, but I have had no time to reply till now. Please accept my thanks for your very felicitous rendering of the entrance of Lincoln into Richmond, so faithfully done and in accordance with the historical fact. It was a remarkable event and I am thankful that it was my privilege to see it and record it for the benefit of men through all time. No other correspondent was there. Indeed at the beginning there was only myself and the dozen or more Negroes at work under a lieutenant getting timbers in place for a bridge across the canal, but before we reached Capitol Hill there were thousands in the highest possible ecstacy at beholding the man who had given them their freedom.

Your rendering of the story of Lincoln has my unqualified approval for its general historic fidelity and for the spirit that pervades it. If my pen can be of any benefit to you I shall be only too happy to use it in your behalf, Yours truly,

Charles Carleton Coffin.

It seems to me that this incident of the President of the United States standing bareheaded and with tears streaming down his cheeks while an old colored preacher prayed for the North and the South and the whole blessed country is the most perfect exemplification of an absolute democracy that we have anywhere in American history and it certainly shows the human side of Abraham Lincoln at his very best.

NOTE:—

I was a student at Perkins Institute, South Boston, when I heard Mr. Coffin's lecture containing the Lincoln story.

HOW MASSA LINKUM CAME

You chillun ebber hear me tell
About ole Richmond town;
How 'fore de closement ob de war
De Linkum troops came down?

I tell you, chilluns, dem was days
Ole Moses don't forget,
Though thirty years hab trabbled by
I feel that 'sperence yet.

Dat time de Linkum sojers come
A marchin' up the street,
Wid all dar rergermentums on
An' music mighty sweet.

Den how de darkies shouted loud
"De Juberlee hab come!"
An' how de chilluns peel dar eyes
To see de big base drum.

Den how de sojers marched along,
Dar muskets gleamin' bright,
An' how de music made us feel
Right pow'ful for de fight.

But what I gwine to tell dis crowd's
How Massa Linkum came,
De man dat made your mammies free
By signin' ob his name.

One day we heard it whispered round
Marse Linkum's comin' here;
An' Massa Davis heard it too,
An' dat's what make him clear.

De news had come mysterious—
We didn't think 'twas true,
But I was jes a watchin' out
With nothin' much to do.

It was de blessed Sabbath morn,
De ribber sparklin' bright,
An' all de country fresh an' green
An' smilin' in de light.

An' I was sittin' on de warves
Jes where de sun came down,
A gazin' at the distant hills
Beyond the sleepy town.

When down de ribber far away
I see a little smoke,
An' on de air so strangely still
A tug boat screechin' broke.

Dat didn't 'sturb me,—not at all
Dat squeelin' ribber brat;
Dat not de way Mars Linkum come,
He made more noise den dat.

But bye and bye dat boat it came
An' bunted at the wharf
An' den I saw fo' genelums
Made ready to get off.

Dey came a walkin' up de plank
A kinder lookin' roun'
Like dey was strangers in de place
An' didn't know de town.

Dey was a right smart lookin' crowd,
I didn't mind 'em all,
But one had gold upon his coat,
An' one was mighty tall.

But pretty soon dey comes along
Right near to where I sat,
An' one ob dem steps up to me
A liftin' ob his hat;

"Hallo, Uncle Tom," the gemmun said,
"How would you like to see
The President ob dis great land
The man who made you free?"

"See Massa Linkum! sah," I said,
"My eyes a growin' dim,
Ob all de men de Lord has made
I'd rudder look at him."

"Well,—dar he is,"—de gemmun said,
I saw de man he meant—
De tallest one upon de right,
He was de President.

I 'low dat statement took me back,
A moment I was dumb,
An' then I shouted, "Hallelujah!
Massa Linkum's come!"

You better bet dey heard dat yell—
I fotched it long and loud,
An' in a moment more de street
Was swarmin' wid de crowd;

An' ebery chile took up de cry
An' shouted—"Kingdom come!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Massa Linkum's come!"

An' every moment dat went by
De shoutin' grew more loud,
An' round dem four de darkies swarmed
As thick as dey could crowd.

An' in de midst ob all dat throng,
A smilin' his consent,
A lookin' mighty grand and tall,
Still stood de President.

'Twas just about dat time, I guess,
'Long come old Parson Jake;
He made his way right through de crowd
A swingin' ob a rake.

Right up to Massa Linkum's side
Dat no-count Parson came,
A bowin' like a turkey-cock
An' callin' him by name.

He shook de President by de hand,
An' den I heard him say:
"We're mighty glad dat you hab come,
Mars Linkum,—let us pray."

I tell you chillun, I was scared
For our old Parson den,
To hear him talkin's dat a way
To such official men.

I spec' Mars Linkum dun get mad
An' knock dat nigger flat,
Or mebbe kick him in de shins,
Or smash his Sunday hat.

But Massa Linkum only smiled
At what dat Parson said,
An' took his big tall beaver off
An' den bowed down his head.

Den Parson Jake, he knelt right down
Upon dat dirty street,
An' prayed a pra'r dat fairly took
Dis nigger off his feet.

He t'anked de Lord dat he had seen
Our sorrow and distress,
An' brought us up, all safe an' sound,
Out ob de Wilderness.

Dat he had sent Mars Linkum round
To lead us in de dark,
To part de Jordan's rushing wave
An' smite de solid rock.

He prayed de Lord to bless dis land,
De white folks an' de black,
An' send de dove of peace around
An' bring old Massa back.

He axed de Lord to bless de men
Who fought to free de slaves,
He prayed de Lord to comfort dem
Down where de cotton waves.

I b'lieve he prayed for ebryting
In dis here blessed land,
Wid Massa Linkum standin' by,
A bowin' thar so grand.

De pickaninnies stood so still
You t'ink dey made o' stone,
Dey didn't speak, nor move, nor breeve
Until dat pray'r was done;

An' den dey broke into a shout
Dat mought hab woke John Brown,
An' cheered until I t'ink de noise
Would bring de heabens down.

An' Massa Linkum waved his hand
In answer to dem cheers;
His countenance was shinin' bright
His cheeks were wet wid tears.

"De Lord forgive an' bless us all,—
De libin' an' de dead,
An' bring sweet peace unto de land—"
Marse Linkum husky said.

"An' make de Norf an' Souf as one
An' wipe away dar tears
An' fill de nation wid his love
Thro' all de comin' years."

An' while he spoke he stretched his han's
Above dat 'cited crowd;
I knowed de Lord would hear dat pra'r—
I tell you we was proud.

An' den de fo' went up de street
To music ob de band,
An' all de darkies marchin' wid
De President ob de land.

An' dat's de story ob de way
Dat Massa Linkum come,
Widout de marchin' ob de troops,
Or beatin' ob de drum.

An' tho' black Mose is growin' ole,
An' foolish some folks say;
He don't forget de t'ings he saw
Dat wondrous Sabbath day.

NOTE:—

How Massa Linkum Came was first broadcast on February 12, 1930, by the Westinghouse Stations W. B. Z. and W. B. Z. A. in Boston. It brought them much fan mail and many requests for its repetition. The following year other stations broadcast the poem. The third year it was heard on the program of W. G. N., Chicago, Lincoln's own state. The poem has grown so in popularity over the radio that this year I sent out a hundred copies to leading stations of the country. My fond hope is that it will be broadcast for many years to come, so this beautiful and touching incident in the life of the martyred President will not be lost to the American people.

Chapter VI

THE BOSTON AUTHOR'S CLUB

Our Boston Author's Club was conceived in the heart and brain of Miss Helen M. Winslow, the author of *Concerning Cats*, a book which every cat lover wants in the library.

After consulting with several friends in and near Boston, Miss Winslow came up to Amherst to get the Amherst College reaction. She visited Professor and Mrs. David Todd, and they were most cordial to the idea, so she returned to Boston and interviewed more authors. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was a bit skeptical, as he had tried to form such a club for men in the eighties, but it did not get started.

Julia Ward Howe thought it a splendid idea and said she would do anything she could. So a self-appointed committee went to work on a constitution and by-laws. This was debated and adopted in December 1899, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Vice Presidents, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Hezekiah Butterworth, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Secretary, Miss Helen M. Winslow, Treasurer, Mr. Herbert D. Ward, Directors, Mrs. May Alden Ward, Mr. Eldridge S. Brooks, Mr. Sam Walter Foss.

The first regular meeting after the selection of officers was held at Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson's. Since I had been elected a member at the first meeting, through the suggestion of Mrs.

Howe, I attended the second meeting, which was held at Mrs. Howe's celebrated house at 241 Beacon Street. This home was famous because Mrs. Howe had entertained most of the American celebrities there, first and last, and also many from across the water. Her tact was remarkable. On one occasion she invited Charles Sumner to meet her friend Edwin Booth. Sumner replied in a lofty manner, that he had reached that point in his development when he was no longer interested in human beings.

"Why Charles," replied Mrs. Howe, "even God has not got to that point." Sumner came and was delighted with the great actor.

I went to Boston alone. I was met at the North Station by my good friend Hezekiah Butterworth. He was really the best literary friend I ever had. In proof of this I quote two short letters from him:

Your book is most beautiful. The artist has caught the spirit, tone, and color of New England and of your true and sympathetic work. I am going to make a study of the book.

I thank you for it. Come to see me, and believe me ever, my true poet, yours with a brother's love.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, Boston, Mass.

I thank you for your Easter poem in the Republican, and for the golden line: Do good to man because thou art a man. I am going West to lecture. I hope I may meet you on my return. I feel akin to you, my brother.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, Boston, Mass.

We went to his apartment near Worcester Square for lunch, and in the afternoon to the club meeting.

As we entered the reception room, I heard Mrs. Howe say, "There is our good friend Mr. Butterworth, and a new friend Clarence Hawkes," so I felt at home.

Mrs. Howe introduced me to Colonel Higginson who was seated beside her.

After chatting a few minutes I presented Mrs. Howe with an autographed copy of my book of poems, *Idyles of Old New England*, and she passed it over to Colonel Higginson, who to my great embarrassment, began reading it out loud, to those seated near. Colonel Higginson was so charmed with the book that later I sent him a copy and received the following letter from him.

Thank you very much for *Idyles of Old New England* which in many ways speak to the New England reader of home. The illustrations too are charming. Although you see without eyes, you nevertheless give eyes to your readers and record many aspects of country life which one would be sorry to have forgotten. I hope you will come again to the Author's Club when you come to Boston, and that it may in time have a room where we can all feel at home.

Cordially yours,
T. W. Higginson, Boston, Mass.
(Thomas Wentworth)

As long as Mrs. Howe was president I had a good friend at court. She continued in the Presidency for ten years, until her age forced her to retire. At the age of eighty, she went alone to St. Paul to deliver a lecture, to the distress of her best friends.

Her daughter, Laura E. Richards, is just as active now at the age of eighty-five as her mother was when I knew her forty years ago.

When I had been a student at Perkins Institute, Mrs. Howe's son-in-law, Michael Anagnos had been Director of the school and a good friend of mine. When I returned after graduation, he would invite me to lunch with him in his private dining-room. Partly because of this fact, Mrs. Howe wrote me a cordial letter when my first book was published, from which I quote:

The volume is certainly one of more than common interest, and Mr. Hawkes is to be congratulated upon the scope of thought and sentiment to which he has attained, in spite of an infirmity which all consider one of the heaviest that can befall humanity. His blindness has not cut him off from a vivid sense of the values of life, and even of the beauties of nature. Happier still should we esteem him in his sympathy with all that is worthiest in human nature. The rhythm of the poems is varied, pleasing, and correct. We might call the book a blind man's life, set to sweet music and bright with the inner light which bodily conditions cannot bar.

Julia Ward Howe, Boston, Mass.

After Mr. Anagnos passed on, I wrote Mrs. Howe a letter of condolence and received the following:

Thanks for your letter. I am indeed much afflicted by the death of Mr. Anagnos. His life was indeed one of noble devotion to the interests of the blind. I find comfort in the assurance of their grateful remembrance of his great services, and in the general testimony borne to his high character and desert.

Yours sincerely,

Julia Ward Howe, Newport, R. I.

When our club was formed, Mary E. Wilkins lived in Randolph, Mass., but we did not long have the honor of her membership, for she said at the time, she had to say good bye to her much beloved New England and go to New Jersey to be Dr. Freeman's sweetheart. She was rather shy and retiring, but most sympathetic and kind. She wrote me the following letter after reading one of my poems in the *Springfield Republican.*

I think the sonnet quoted in the newspaper cutting very beautiful. That makes me think that you see the true inwardness of things better for not seeing the outer semblance, for all true sight is insight, and that is not dependent upon physical eyes. I am prepared to congratulate you very warmly upon your work.

Sincerely,
Mary E. Wilkins, Randolph, Mass.

One of the dominant figures in the Author's Club at the start was Louise Chandler Moulton. She had a beautiful home in the South End, where she held court for authors. She also had a London home where she entertained English authors or any of her American friends who happened to be in London. At this time she ran a column of poetic criticism in the *Boston Herald* and was considered an authority on verse. She seemed especially interested in me because she had just written an introduction to a volume of verse by a blind English poet, Philip Marston, whose work she was trying to push in America.

When I recited for Mrs. Moulton one of her own poems, which she had forgotten, *A Prayer for Sight,* she was much pleased.

A boyhood friend of mine whom I was glad to take by the hand was J. T. Trowbridge. My handshake must have been very cordial, for he said, "I see you are still a boy."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I shall always remember Cudgoe's Cave, and Jack Hazzard. I also discovered a fine poem by you, Mr. Trowbridge, in *Harper's Magazine.* It was *The Widow Brown's Christmas.*

The reciting of that poem was the high spot in the efforts of the Boston Author's Club, so Mr. Trowbridge was always selected to represent the club at charity entertainment. He confided to me that when he was a young man, about my age, he had been tempted by the devil. The temptation was to take a good position as an editor. "If I had," he concluded, "I would have lost my individuality in the paper and there would have been no books. My family and I have had hard scratching sometimes depending wholly on books, but it has been worth it. I am glad to be an author and not an editor."

There were two Browns and two Adamses in the club, and this confused me until I had learned their voices. Abby Farwell Brown and I were both juvenile writers, and we always talked shop in the juvenile field—the book she was writing, the book I was writing, and who the good juvenile publishers were. She died at the age of about fifty, much beloved by the club members. The last words she said were, "I am so tired. I cannot write any more books." I imagine most authors have said that at one time or another.

Katherine Holland Brown introduced herself to me during one of our meetings at the Kensington, about 1908. She said she was a school teacher and

the club members did not take her very seriously, but she added, "I may show them yet."

She certainly did, for about fifteen years later she captured a twenty-five thousand dollar prize offered by the *Woman's Home Companion* and the John Day Co., with her novel, *Father*. After that, her Christmas stories were a regular feature with both the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Woman's Home Companion*.

I am not sure Alice Brown ever really joined the club, but we always claimed her. No writer, with the possible exception of Mary E. Wilkins, ever wrote so understandingly about New England and was so beloved of New Englanders. On one of her birthdays, all in the club who could write verse wrote a birthday poem for Alice Brown. We had them bound in a dainty volume and sent to her.

I received the following kind letter in appreciation of my own effort:

I do thank you so much for your fragrant birthday posey. Indeed, I do care so much for the book, I am so moved and delighted by it that I can't very well say anything adequate in return. Our birthdays are so commonplace to ourselves—and then our friends set to work with deft hand and brain and generous heart and gild them over for us—and we feel glorified in the light of their kindliness. And for the fine strokes of your most friendly hand I thank you heartily.

Most gratefully yours,
Alice Brown, Boston, Mass.

One of the Adamses was Charles Follen Adams, author of a volume of German dialect poems. I

always called him Yocob Stross. He would laugh and say he had written better things than that, but this poem seemed to dog his footsteps wherever he went. If I made a mistake in the voice and called Oscar Fay Adams, "Yocob Stross," it was embarrassing for both of us.

I first met Basil King in 1910. In 1909, an anonymous novel had appeared in *Harper's Magazine.* It was called *The Inner Shrine.* There was much discussion as to the author, but four out of five critics said it was the work of Edith Wharton. Imagine the surprise when a year later Basil King was announced as the author.

I told Mr. King of something really bad that an author had once done. James Whitcomb Riley had faked a poem in the style of Edgar Allen Poe, and the publisher of a big magazine had published it as a new-found poem by Poe. Riley had done this to prove as he said, "Editors merely bought reputation."

Whenever Dallas Lore Sharpe and I occupied adjacent chairs, there was always a vigorous argument on the subject, nature essay vs. the modern animal story. It would last till some one called one of us away. Professor Sharpe and I were good friends. He and his family visited me in Hadley, and I visited him at South Hingham. Although we differed so radically in our outlook on nature writing, yet he wrote me some very appreciative letters of which this is one:

We are all tremendously interested in Shaggycoat. He is being done aloud to demanding boys for good behavior and he is a real Godsend. I don't know yet all that you have done. (I'm going to know it all) but Shaggycoat is one of the most reasonable simple

natural nature-biographies I have ever read and one of the most charming too. Every boy and girl ought to know him as my boys are knowing him.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Hawkes and once more let me thank you for Shaggycoat.

Fraternally yours,
DALLAS LORE SHARPE, Hingham, Mass.

The most sumptuous meeting of the club I ever attended was at the palatial home of Mr. William Lindsey, a Boston merchant, and by grace of one book, *The Seamless Robe*, a member of the club. The Lindsey home occupied a whole city block. The drawing room must have been sixty by one hundred feet. The entire room had been brought from a chateau in Italy at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Lindsey insisted that I feel over one bronze door which cost eleven thousand dollars.

The occasion was a reception to Mrs. Humphry Ward, the English novelist. Mrs. Ward was very charming to meet, although thoroughly English. One noticed this in her direct, matter-of-fact way of speaking. She asked me about my English publishers, of which I had four, and pronounced them all good.

Her daughter Dorothy was a charming girl, and she told me much about her mother. She said among other things that Mrs. Ward was more interested in the slums and the poor of London than in her books.

Another well remembered meeting was when we journeyed down to Hingham to see Ex-Governor Long and his wife. I had heard that Mr. Long was very fond of New England, so I gave him a copy of *Idyles of Old New England.* He and I sat on a couch,

as he was reading the book aloud to himself. He was doing it with a fine nasal twang, stopping to chuckle to himself between stanzas, when Mrs. Long appeared.

"Mr. Hawkes," she inquired, "what is that book you have given Mr. Long?"

"Just New England dialect poems," I replied.

"New England dialect," she cried. "I try to keep such books out of Mr. Long's reach. Each summer when we go up to Maine he talks with the farmers and at once falls into their dialect. It is more than a month after we get back to Washington before I can get him to talk properly."

Just hear this, my dear," said the Secretary, and he began reading with more nasal twang than ever, but Mrs. Long departed in disgust.

An annual pilgrimage that we took for several years was to the beautiful home of Miss Clara Endicott Sears, at Harvard Mass. Miss Sears not only threw open her fine house, but also her museum of Indian relics, the museum of Shaker life, and the Bronson Alcott home, which she had restored just as it was in the girlhood days of the author of *Little Women.* This trip was an education in itself.

The general curriculum of the club, as we finally established it after many experiments, was a tea each Friday afternoon at which two members of the club poured and received. A guest could be brought and the program was mostly social. Then there was a meeting each month with a special speaker, and an annual banquet each year, with the election of officers. At one time, there was a poetry section meeting each two weeks. Authors of all branches of literature were invited to speak, including critics.

The editors and the publishers also told their story. Everything was done that could be accomplished to make the club a real help to all its members as well as a social delight. Some of the most inspiring hours I have ever spent have been at these meetings. Altogether the club has done a great work for its members and the public as well.

The other day I got out the roster of the club as it was the year I joined. I read it through with mixed emotions of pride and sorrow. Most of them were my good friends. The majority of them have gone. Yet their work remains to attest their worth.

Here is the roster as I knew it about 1901:

Charles Follen Adams, Oscar Fay Adams, Mrs. Louise Agassiz, Rev. W. R. Alger, Willis Boyd Allen, Mrs. Thomas Aspinwall, Prof. Katherine Lee Bates, Mrs. Mary E. Blake, Elbridge S. Brooks, James Buckham, Mrs. Anna L. Burns, Hezekiah Butterworth, Joseph Edgar Chamberlain, Blanche M. Channing, Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheny, Prof. G. B. Churchill, Winston Churchill, Helen A. Clarke, E. H. Clement, George Willis Cooke, Katherine Coman, Florence Converse, Katherine E. Conway, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Beulah Marie Dix, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Nathan Haskell Dole, Mrs. Lillian Shuman Dreyfus, Julia A. Eastman, Roswell Field, Mrs. W. C. Forbes, Worthington C. Ford, Sam Walter Foss, Col. James A. Frye, Charles Gibson, Arthur Gilman, Hon. Robert Grant, Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor, Curtis Guild, J. L. Harbour, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Albert Bushnell Hart, Clarence Hawkes, Caroline Hazard, Col. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Edward Payson Jackson, Sophie Jewett, Rev.

William H. Johnson, Hannah Parker Kimball, Henry D. Lloyd, Mrs. Emma E. Marean, Miss Ellen F. Mason, Mrs. Helen Abott Michael, Miss Mary Gray Morrison, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Hugo Münsterberg, George H. Palmer, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Josephine P. Peabody, Bliss Perry, Agnes Blake Poor, Charlotte Porter, Edna Dean Proctor, Helen Leah Reed, Dr. William J. Rolfe, Josiah H. Royce, Kate Sanborn, Vida D. Scudder, Justin H. Smith, Frank P. Stearns, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, T. Russell Sullivan, Sophie M. Sweet, William R. Thayer, Mrs. Caroline Ticknor, Rev. Francis Tiffany, David P. Todd, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, Elizabeth Phipps Train, J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Grace LeBaron Upham, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Herbert D. Ward, Mrs. May Alden Ward, Prof. William G. Ward, Mrs. Cornelia Warren, Mrs. Eliza Orne White, Miss Ann Whitney, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Ashton R. Willard, Helen M. Winslow, Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright.

Chapter VII

THE NATURE FAKER FUSS

The Nature Faker Fuss was precipitated by John Burroughs in his celebrated *Atlantic Monthly* article in the autumn of 1904. Before sending the article to the *Atlantic*, Mr. Burroughs had submitted it to a friend of mine, Dallas Lore Sharpe, professor of English at Boston University, who then lived at Mullen Hill, South Hingham, Mass.

Prof. Sharpe, whose dislike of the animal story books was as great as that of Mr. Burroughs, told the latter to go ahead with the article, little dreaming the tempest in the teapot it would arouse.

Prof. Sharpe told me something a year or two later, which well illustrates the very sharp cleavage between the animal story writer and the nature essayist, who up to that time had enjoyed a monopoly of the nature reading circle.

Prof. Sharpe divulged the fact that before the publication of Gene Stratton-Porter's book, *Freckles*, the Century Company had sent the manuscript of this book to him for his opinion, as he was one of their readers. He advised them not to publish it and Doubleday-Page Company subsequently published *Freckles*. It was an instantaneous success, selling one hundred and fifty thousand copies the first year.

It was promptly followed by *The Girl of the Limberlost*, *The Harvester*, and other great successes—three million copies in all. All of which goes to prove that Prof. Sharpe had let his prejudice outweigh his judgment.

The naturalist and his friends

In the *Atlantic Monthly* article, Mr. Burroughs sharply attacked Rev. William J. Long, the author of *The School of the Woods, Northern Trails,* and other nature books. He also more mildly attacked Ernest Thompson Seton, as author of *Wild Animals I have Known,* which he said should have been called *Wild Animals that I Alone Have Known.* Charles G. D. Roberts was also mildly scolded.

Mr. Burroughs accused Reverend Mr. Long of not knowing a red squirrel from a chipmunk, as he said he had described a red squirrel as carrying a nut in his pouch, while the chipmunk alone had pouches. He ridiculed the idea that the parent animals taught their offspring, as Mr. Long had represented in his book *The School of the Woods.* There were many other minor criticisms, and altogether he administered a severe spanking to Mr. Long.

Mr. Long asked the *Atlantic* for space in which to reply, but they said they never allowed any answer to an article that had appeared in their columns. The original article was final as far as they were concerned, so Mr. Long finally replied in one of the popular New York magazines. I think it was *Everybody's,* and Mr. Burroughs rejoined in *Harper's Magazine.*

It was a subject that naturally lent itself to cartoons, parodies, and funny squibs, and soon the press was ablaze with articles pro and con. The controversy probably would have died a natural death, had not President Roosevelt, T. R., joined in.

He wrote the editor of a New York magazine saying he would like to be interviewed on the nature wrangle, so the magazine gladly sent down a correspondent. He found the stage all set. President

Roosevelt had a fine blaze in his office fireplace, in imitation of a campfire, and the interviewer got out his paper and pencil and T. R. opened up on the unfortunate Mr. Long, perhaps coming to Mr. Burroughs' aid, as they were great friends.

Mr. Roosevelt attacked Mr. Long's book, *Northern Trails*, pointing out a mistake that I had discovered several months before, but had been loath to speak about, trying to keep out of the argument.

The President attacked Mr. Long's description of a white wolf in Labrador, killing a caribou by biting at the heart back of the fore leg. He said it would be impossible to kill a caribou in that way, because the heart was too far in and too well protected by the ribs. He also criticized Mr. Long in many other ways.

The wolf story which he criticized was called *Wayeeses the White Wolf*. Ginn and Company, publishers of Mr. Long's books, countered by bringing out this particular story in a single volume, with a special drawing showing the wolf biting the caribou.

Charles Copeland, who also illustrated my books, was the illustrator of *Wayeeses*, and he told me he had difficulty drawing the picture so that it looked convincing. He discussed the drawing with me in his studio in Boston while he was making it. He said the point lowest down on the caribou's body, called the brisket, was mostly gristle, and could be bitten through. But I pointed out to him that the heart was situated six or eight inches higher than he had designated, and could not be reached by the fangs of the wolf, which were only about one inch long; also the strong ribs of the caribou intervened. I do not know how good Mr. Copeland's drawing was,

but the editor of the *Springfield Republican* told me it was very unconvincing.

President Roosevelt's article started the wrangle all up again and many well known nature writers joined in. Finally, as a gesture of conciliation to Mr. Long, who had kept up a steady fire in the argument, President Roosevelt invited Mr. Long to go with him and Mr. Burroughs on a hunting trip to Montana. Mr. Long refused the invitation.

The following year, six of the leading naturalists of the United States contributed a round-robin set of articles to a popular magazine, all condemning the writings of Reverend Mr. Long, and this seemed to stop his nature writing, although he afterward wrote two fine books, one on the *Literature of Great Britain*, and the other on *United States Literature*.

Since Mr. Burroughs had told two friends of mine, early in the discussion that my books were all right, I was glad to keep out of the picture.

During the summer and autumn of 1908 I was writing on the manuscript of my moose story, *Shovelhorns*, which appeared in print the following year. As it is my practice when writing a story on any particular animal, I read copiously what other naturalists, guides, and hunters had to say about the moose. In doing such reading one has to be very careful what he believes, as the writings of the average hunter bristle with mis-statements. While doing this reading I happened upon a statement in one of President Roosevelt's books to the effect that the moose sometimes gallops and when he has galloped five hundred yards will often lie down, tired out.

I was quite surprised to find this statement in Colonel Roosevelt's book, as he is usually very

accurate in his natural history and I was sure that the moose did not gallop. I was borne out in this opinion by several other naturalists, most of whom said the moose never galloped. Being much interested in this statement and wishing for further light upon the question, I wrote Mr. Roosevelt asking for his authority as to the moose galloping and for any further light he might throw upon the subject, stating that I wished to quote him in my book if the statement was correct. I received the following reply:

November 14, 1908.

The White House
Washington, D.C.
My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I do not think I ever said a moose galloped five or six hundred yards and then lay down, tired by the exertion; and I have totally forgotten where I said that moose galloped. Don't you mean that I spoke of the elk, the wapiti?

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

P. S.—It seems to me that I remember once seeing the footprints which showed that a startled moose had galloped for a few rods—a yearling moose if I remember aright—but I cannot now be certain.

Hadley, Mass., Nov. , .

Dear Colonel Roosevelt:

When I wrote you recently relative to the moose galloping I should have told you just where in your writings to find the statement, and not taken your valuable time with guess work. You will find the statement in the *Pastimes of An American Hunter*,

on the page I have indicated on enclosed sheet of paper, on which I have copied the statement. Now here are the reasons why it would be almost impossible for a moose to gallop. Take the specimen known as Carl Runger's moose, shot by the painter of that name in New Brunswick, in 1898. Here are his dimensions. Nine feet two inches from tip to tip. Seven feet in height at the shoulder, six feet at the rump, and with legs four feet long, and weighing twelve hundred pounds. Do you think Mr. President, that it would be possible for an animal so set up to gallop?

In the first place, because of the fact that his fore quarters are a foot higher than his hind quarters, it would be almost impossible for him to get his body into the air for the first movement of the gallop, and even if he could, it would be equally impossible for him to propel himself forward, because his hind quarters were a foot lower than the fore quarters. If he were built the other way around and his fore quarters were lower than the hind, he might gallop like a jack rabbit. But as he is constituted I do not see how he could possibly gallop for any distance. Even if he could gallop for a few rods, he would pound terrifically, and the gallop would be very slow, not nearly as fast as his slashing trot, and he would soon give it up. The wild creatures, as you of course know, are very wise, and the moose would not do so foolish a thing as to try to gallop if he was in a hurry, and that would be his only reason for breaking his slashing trot of eight or nine feet to a stride, which is a very fast pace.

If your statement relative to the moose is true, it is very important, and I would like to quote it in

my forthcoming book. But all the naturalists whose books I have consulted say that the moose never gallops.

Will you please give the matter your further thought and write me relative to my using your statement in my book. With very many thanks for your kindness in the matter, I am,

Yours most respectfully,

CLARENCE HAWKES.

November 27, 1908.

The White House
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I have your letter of the 24th. You have upset me too much on the matter of the moose galloping for me to be willing to have you quote me in your moose book. That book was written many years ago, and I have since been a middling busy man in many other directions, so it is out of the question for me to say exactly what it was upon which I based my statement.

It must have been on hearsay evidence, and on this one set of footprints, which certainly indicated the galloping of a yearling moose, but the young of animals often perform actions that the adults never do.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Chapter VIII

THREE FAITHFUL FRIENDS AND TRUE

The three good friends who tell you of my books in this chapter are Ernest Thompson Seton, Gene Stratton-Porter, and Dr. William T. Hornaday. They can say things about my books which would not be proper for me to say; thus you will get an unbiased estimate of my work.

Mr. Seton I met upon the Chautauqua Lecture platform. We lectured in the same course in Northampton, Mass. Whenever Mr. Seton was slated to speak, I was always on hand and we had a private campfire and powwow of our own. We usually talked shop—his books and mine, and our plans for the future. Mr. Seton was spare and tall, a typical woodsman.

In the introduction to my book, *The Way of the Wild*, he writes:

"The animal story of today is as much a product of evolution as was the steam engine or the wireless telegraph, and it came in answer to a need.

"With music and art made alluring in the public schools and many of the simpler studies taught by means of exciting games, woodcraft had to be put in a form that would appeal to the imagination of children.

"Thus it was that Charles G. D. Roberts, Clarence Hawkes, and others came to the front, with their stories of wild life. Stories just as faithful to the facts as the nature essay, and much more interesting to the youthful mind. The result has been of general

benefit, for where only one person was reading nature books twenty-five years ago, a dozen are reading them now. Not only the animal story, but the nature essay, and even more scientific works are profiting by the increase of interest. So, at the present time children ten or twelve years of age know very much more about nature, the coming of the seasons, the wild flowers, and the migrations of the birds, than do their parents.

"That about forty volumes of these animal stories should have come from the pen of one without eyesight seems at first thought a contradiction of facts, but with the reading of Clarence Hawkes' autobiography, *Hitting the Dark Trail*, which has just found its way into French, this marvel is made plain.

"Beethoven produced some of his best symphonies after he lost his sense of hearing. He was able to do this because the laws of music were firmly established in his soul while he could still hear. So it was with Clarence Hawkes.

"For the first thirteen years of his life he not only possessed a pair of very keen eyes that took in everything about him in the field and woods, but he also had the gift of remembering and correlating the things he saw. So minute were these boyhood observations that they furnished material for his first eight nature books.

"Hunting, fishing, camping, tramping were his chief delight, and these early pictures of the out-of-doors were to stand him in good stead in after years.

"I have read many of Clarence Hawkes' books and have always found them true to nature, and of gripping interest. Books that it would be safe to and profitable to put in the hands of any young reader

whom you wished to introduce to the denizens of nature. *Shaggycoat*, *Shovelhorns*, *A Wilderness Dog*, and others are books that will give you the known facts about these animals, in a manner that will both entertain and instruct. While if you wish to know more of this author's life and struggles, read *Hitting the Dark Trail*, which has been such an inspiration to the blinded soldiers of the United States, England, and France."

Gene Stratton-Porter was art editor of *Recreation* when I first began writing for *Outing*, and other sporting magazines. But it was not until she built her Limberlost cabin that we became good friends. For about twenty-five years we corresponded regularly. It was with a great sense of loss that I read of the automobile accident in Hollywood that took a brave and beautiful spirit from our midst. In the introduction to *Tenants of the Trees*, she says:

"It is a human sign of significance and saving grace these days, when the strain of commercial conditions is almost unendurable that every form of art is digging deep in the search for the roots of primal things. No dance is so alluring and so loved as the nature interpretation. No picture so prized as the one that faithfully portrays nature, and human nature. The closer music comes to reproducing wild notes, the finer it is accounted, the stronger its appeal to the heart. Above all other forms of art the book that is true to field and wood, to the impulse of the beast, and the heart of humanity, is treasured, is truly great.

"I have read all the writings of Clarence Hawkes and indorse them as honest and sincere work, which I found informing, and of dramatic interest, up to

the publication of Mr. Hawkes' own story of his life, *Hitting the Dark Trail.* Since reading that, I touch his books with reverence, and read with a feeling of awe in my heart. I wish some way might be devised to put this book into the hands, and heads, and hearts, of every boy and girl in the world as a lesson and inspiration.

"How Mr. Hawkes does it, I do not know, but he does describe nature sympathetically and accurately. His animals are not humanized, he has wisdom to recognize that the processes of nature are distinctly cold-blooded, everywhere the stronger preying upon the weaker, so he always keeps his values true. Writing from the head, he does not fall into that deep, wide pit that traps so many natural historians when they attempt to put a sane interpretation upon what they see, and so humanize both bird and beast.

"All the birds and animals I know are distinctly better when living in accordance with their own natures than they would be if following ours. This fact, Mr. Hawkes recognizes, and consistently reveals in his books. Higher praise it would be difficult for any nature writer to earn."

Dr. William T. Hornaday I met at the Bronx Park, on July 6, 1917. When I called at the administration building of the park, Dr. Hornaday was out, showing the Russian Commission, which had just landed at New York, around Central Park and the Bronx. His stenographer told me while I was waiting that Dr. Hornaday was sixty-two years of age then, but was much younger in spirit and most active. I could well believe that, for I had read all of his campfire books. When he finally appeared we had a delightful hour talking of conservation and the great outdoors.

After meeting me, Dr. Hornaday became my champion as far as my nature books were concerned. Since he was the most critical naturalist in the country, this meant a great deal to me. In his latter years he lost a portion of his eyesight, and I was enabled to comfort and strengthen him in this misfortune.

In the introduction to my book, *Trails to Woods and Waters,* he writes:

"It is with a feeling of awe and wonder that I take up each new book from the pen of Clarence Hawkes. Here is the born nature-lover, the woodsman, the chronicler, and the painter of mental pictures who for a few brief years looked into the pulsing heart of Nature, focused his mental camera upon her during a few brilliant days, and then suddenly, with a stroke of lightning, all the world became dark.

"The work of Clarence Hawkes marks the triumph of an indomitable human Soul over darkness and despair. With marvellous fidelity, he paints what he has seen and yet remembers, and for the rest he gathers his share of wild animal lore, just as we all do, from the hunter, the trapper, the birdman, and the brother naturalist. The naturalist or nature lover who writes only what he himself has seen, never goes far; and soon he begins to travel in circles. From the great Audubon downward, the wise nature writer judiciously supplements his own observations with the testimony of others, thus to make the story complete.

"Therefore fear not to accept the stories of Clarence Hawkes as being true to life; for he works, 'even as you and I.' The mental pictures of youth grow sharper with age. His stories ring true to life. I read

them to my grandchildren with confidence, while they listen with rapt attention. The wild animal hero tale has its legitimate place in literature. When the impossible is carefully eliminated and the details are true to life, what more does one desire?

"Therefore take my friends, *Shovelhorns* the moose, *Shaggycoat* the beaver, and *Black Bruin* the bear, and make much of them, for they are worth it.

"And if your ego becomes too colossal, if you are tempted to rail at Fate, and denounce your Luck, take *Hitting the Dark Trail*, and sit down all alone and read it. As the story unfolds you will, like me, begin to realize how much you enjoy seeing nature day by day, how much you have to be thankful for, and then how wicked you are when you upbraid Fate that denies you the last ten per cent of life. Finally, ask yourself, as you look into your own soul, 'Could I be as brave as he is, were I in his place?' and with chastened spirit you will rise up, silently vowing to be a better man."

Chapter IX

THE BOOK THAT GIRDLED THE GLOBE

An Editorial from Daily Hampshire Gazette

Clarence Hawkes of Hadley was pleasantly surprised recently to receive a copy of his autobiography, *Hitting the Dark Trail*, in Chinese. This book has now girdled the world and helped sightless people in every clime.

Hitting the Dark Trail was published originally by the Henry Holt Company of New York. Shortly after publication, the *Bookman* reviewed it at considerable length and referred to it as a remarkable human document. The late Prof. Irving Wood of Smith college, who was fond of reading autobiography, called the book one of the best autobiographies in the English language.

Shortly after its publication, *Hitting the Dark Trail* was printed in American and English braille for the blind, and also in "moon" type for the adult blind. It is used by teachers of the adult blind throughout the United States.

After the World war, Mr. Hawkes heard that five thousand soldiers in France had lost the sight of both eyes. The French department of Smith college generously volunteered to help the nature writer in getting his message of hope and faith across to these unfortunates, and translated the autobiography into French. Louis Brieux, the French dramatist, had the book reprinted in French braille. Brieux said the book was a veritable lifeline to the stricken soldiers.

As well as in France, there were many blind soldiers

in England and Germany. In England, the blind soldiers were cared for at St. Dunstan's, which had been the London home of the late Otto Kahn, who turned it over to be a permanent home for the blind "Tommies." Sir Arthur Pearson, a friend of Mr. Hawkes, was at the time the superintendent of St. Dunstan's, so five hundred copies of *Hitting the Dark Trail* were given to the blind "Tommies" as they left St. Dunstan's for their own homes. The autobiography was also translated into German for use by the blind soldiers of Germany.

In addition to those in Europe, a hundred men from the United States navy, who were attending the Evergreens, a Red Cross home for blind soldiers in Baltimore, were enabled to read Mr. Hawkes' book through the generosity of Henry Holt and Company, who shipped a Christmas box containing one hundred copies to these sufferers.

After Finland lost her autonomy to Russia, half of the book was also translated for use by the Finnish.

Thus, thousands of people throughout the world, who have been handicapped by blindness, have taken hope after reading this book, while countless seeing people, disheartened by illness or the depression, have been inspired to fight on after a perusal of its pages.

One reason for the spread of the book has been the fact that the author and publisher have not allowed personal financial gain to stand in the way of granting rights for translation.

Dear Mr. Hawkes—

I am sure it cannot be unpleasing to you to hear that in my visits this week past to St. Dunstan's

Hospital for the Blind I have not merely studied as the representative of the Association of American Colleges and of the United States Bureau of Education methods of re-educating soldiers blinded in the war but have also had the pleasure of talking to them about your achievements and your writings. I wish you could have seen their faces light up as I described some of your books and especially *Hitting the Dark Trail* which they are so keen to have read to them. Would you not have a copy sent to them with your autograph on the fly leaf and tell your publishers I will gladly pay for the same when I return to America in about two months? Send it care of Sir Arthur Pearson, St. Dunstan's Hospital, Regent Park, London, England.

Sir Arthur, blinded himself at forty, is the genius of the institution. What the man learns in a little while is beyond description. In massage they become more expert than the best of us could be. In stenography and typewriting, they do almost as well. They learn to manage the telephone, to make mats, and make woodwork. Some are really experts in poultry and market gardening. To be with them is to make you realize why St. Dunstan's is called "the happiest place in London." Yesterday they were having such a frolic that they piled up in a laughing heap on the floor while we scattered.

The ease with which they get acquainted, coming as they do from all parts of the British Empire, is almost as unique as the readiness with which they learn in a few months the supplement and the generous pension the British government gives them with enough in some cases to support a family. My story of your life seemed so very interesting that I am not

resisting the temptation to write you of their interest.

My article about the outlook for American Colleges appeared in the September issue of the American *Review of Reviews.*

It is a great trip I am having, the first American to study in England and France all the various improvements the war is bringing in education. Everyone is helping me. The American Ambassador is particularly kind. In a week or two I go to France including a visit to the devastated region and the very front. When I return I speak at many colleges in Chicago.

With kind regards to Mrs. Hawkes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

LYMAN P. POWELL.

Strand Palace Hotel
London, W.C. 2
Sept. 1, 1917

Nothing I ever have read has gone deeper in my heart than *Hitting the Dark Trail.* It is a heroic human document, unsurpassed in its record of courage and industry and accomplishments. All the remainder of my life I shall be a stronger and better woman for having read it and so will any other woman or man. My deepest thanks are due Mr. Hawkes for this little classic of self revelation.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

Limberlost Cabin
Wildflower Woods, Indiana.

To Clarence Hawkes Esq.
Dear Sir:

Your article *Hitting the Dark Trail* has reached me away here in Finland and has so touched and im-

pressed me that I feel I must write and thank you for it.

I read it yesterday evening to some pupils of mine, Finnish ladies who know English well enough to understand and appreciate it, they too felt its power and they asked me to send you their very kind greetings.

I have asked the lady with whom I am staying, the wife of Dr. Hainari, if she would translate it into Finnish. She has consented to do so. If you will kindly give permission such an article cannot fail to be inspiring and strengthening to all who read it.

Finland at the present is passing through a time of great political stress and her people need all the inspiration and strength they can get.

I am writing by this same post for another copy of the same number of the *Outlook*. I should like to send it to a large boarding school of boys and girls in which I am interested in England. The head-master reads to them in their large Lecture Hall every Sunday evening and I feel sure he would be glad to have the article to read to them.

With the kindest greetings of

Yours very truly,

L. Ethel Harding

Finland
Oct. 28, 1909

My Dear Mr. Hawkes:—

The one hundred books which you spoke of in your letter of December 27th, have just arrived. Thank you so much for them. I am sure they are going to mean a great deal to the men. You ask for the exact number of men here at the present time. It is almost

impossible to tell, as the number changes so often. New men are continually coming, some of whom have partial sight, in which case they are usually sent to another hospital. As soon as I can get information as to the number of men who are here to stay I will let you know.

This morning when your books arrived a sailor, blinded while in the North Sea patrol, was over in the library. I told him about the books and your interest in the men here. He was very appreciative and wanted me to send his copy to the girl to whom he is engaged. I thought that would serve its purpose as well as to any use it could be put as she will doubtless read it to him.

With best wishes for a happy New Year and again thanking you for your interest, Believe me,

Sincerely,

Fourose Wanwright.
(acting Librarian)

American Red Cross
Baltimore, Md.
January 2nd, 1918.

Dear Mr. Hawkes,

I have just received from Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co., the sixty copies of *Hitting the Dark Trail* which you asked them to forward to me, and am sending you this letter of grateful acknowledgment.

I am sending a copy to sixty of the blinded soldiers whom I think most likely to benefit by your own splendid example.

I wish that I had had an opportunity of meeting you when I was in the United States lately, but every

half hour of my time there was more than fully occupied, and I could not get to your part of the world.

In a few weeks I shall be sending you a copy of a book which I have just written, and which I hope may prove of interest to you.

I hope that when I am next in America we shall meet, and that I may also have the great pleasure of hearing one of your Lectures: I am intensely interested in Natural History, though I cannot, I am afraid, pretend to be an expert.

Yours sincerely,

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON.

St. Dunstan's
Hanover Gate
Regent's Park, N.W. 1.
22nd April, 1919

Chapter X

HALF A CENTURY OF SPORTS IN AMERICA

Just one hundred years ago, June 2, 1839, Abner Doubleday, laid out the first baseball diamond at Cooperstown, New York. It is impossible to estimate the physical, moral, and recreational effect that baseball has had on American life. Certainly, it has taken us through the doldrums many times.

All will remember that during the World War the baseball players in the big leagues were not allowed to enlist, as the government said it would take away from our people a splendid means of forgetting our troubles. I for one can testify that the relaxation from such sports has carried me through many a hard time—such as the trying week just before the Hadley Celebration, when I had the great parade on my shoulders. In New York the games all begin at three-thirty, so the brokers and other business men can attend.

The last game of baseball I saw with my own eyes, was on July 4, 1883, at Conway, Mass. This was when the team from Ashfield, where I lived, went down to play the Conway sluggers.

The game in those days was much slower than today. A batsman was allowed seven bad balls before he took his base, and as there was no foul strike rule, when he had taken six bad balls and two strikes and had fouled perhaps half a dozen more pitches, one began to get sick of the sight of that particular batsman. As I remember, only the pitcher, catcher, and first baseman, had mitts of any size.

Resting in Camp

The rest of the infield may have had small mitts, but I do not think the outfielders had any. Rabbit Maranville's vest pocket catch was much in vogue, so the Rabbit did not invent even that.

Six weeks after seeing this Conway-Ashfield game, which has always lingered in my memory, I lost my eyesight, and two years later went to Boston and became an ardent supporter of the Boston National team, then called "The Bean Eaters." There was no American League at this time. That came sixteen years later.

In 1886 the Boston management did a very extravagant thing. They bought the best battery in the League, Clarkeson and Kelly, from Chicago, paying the staggering price of ten thousand dollars for the two men. The Boston papers lashed out furiously at the management for its extravagance. This was the first big money paid for players, but today, the major leagues pay seventy-five thousand for a rooky from the Pacific Coast.

In the late eighties the two great figures in the National League were Pop Anderson of Chicago and Buck Ewing of New York. Whenever Chicago played New York the two umpires who officiated were sure to have a hectic day, especially as heavy fines and suspensions were little known.

In 1888 the league adopted the most foolish rule ever tried. This was the four strike rule. It simply added an extra half hour to the game, and put a great burden on pitchers. After one year it was dropped like a hot potato.

Also in 1888 nearly all the best players in the league went on a strike and formed teams of their own; but the strike fizzled out after a year.

My first taste of league ball came in 1897 when I went to Springfield, Massachusetts, to see a game between Boston and Baltimore. Both teams belonged to the National League. Boston then boasted an infield whom some writers have called the best that ever played ball. It was Tenny at First, Low at Second, Collins at Third, and Long at Short.

They also had a famous outfield, Duffy at Left, Hamilton at Centre, and Stall at Right. Duffy's batting record of four hundred and forty for the season still stands. Ted Lewis (Edwin W. Lewis) was one of Boston's pitchers. He was afterward president of Massachusetts State College and a good friend of mine.

Northampton, Massachusetts, had the honor of starting off many of the great league players. This city was in both the Eastern, and the Twin State Leagues, and produced some great ball.

Such players as Marty Bergen, Fred Tenny, Buck Weaver, and the immortal Jack Combs got their start at Northampton.

When I gave the commencement address at West Springfield High School in 1924, I was delighted to find Comb's old catcher, Cowan, presiding as head master at West Springfield. They had been the battery at Colby.

My interest in football began in the early nineties. Of course the Big Three dominated the football world at the time. The Big Ten had not even come into the picture, and the Big Three never went away from the home campus unless it was to play each other. It was after long years of pleading that Yale was prevailed on to play so formidable a foe as Pennsylvania.

The team I was most interested in at this time was the Carlisle Indians. Their coach was none other than the redoubtable Pop Warner, then a young man. The first public game that Carlisle played was on the Polo Grounds in New York with Yale. Everyone who attended the game thought it would be a great joke. No one had ever even heard of Carlisle Football Team, while Yale was at her peak.

The only thing that saved Yale from a defeat was wretched refereeing, which the officials afterward admitted. Two bad decisions gave Yale the victory—14 to 7. But this game made a reputation for Carlisle in a day. Afterward they could book almost any big team they cared to.

Coach Cavanaugh, who wound up a brilliant career at Fordham, told me a good story concerning the Carlisle-Yale game. After the contest, the Carlisle team was walking up Fifth Avenue with Pop Warner, when the captain said to Warner:

"Coach, we are mighty hungry. Where is a good place to eat?"

"At this big building across the street," replied Warner cordially. "Order anything you want, boys, but remember the limit is thirty-five cents." He had sent them to the Waldorf-Astoria.

The reason for the Carlisle Indians' success on the gridiron was a little quarterback named Hudson. He averaged two field goals per game throughout the season, and as the field goal counted five then, his part in the result was most important.

About nineteen-five or six, I went down to Boston to attend the Boston Author's Club. A friend invited me to go to the Harvard-Bowdoin football game. I was unable to go, but was always sorry I could not.

Bowdoin had come down from Maine with a brilliant passing game—the first ever seen on Soldiers' Field—and had beaten Harvard twenty to nothing.

This was the first of the present open field running, and spectacular passing game that keeps one guessing all the time and often gives a small college a chance to beat a large one, such as Centre College of Kentucky, which came up to Cambridge several years later and trailed the Crimson banners in the dust.

McMillen of Centre was the first man to throw a pass over fifty yards, although it is often done now.

Hockey must be a thrilling game to see. For three years when Frank Ryan broadcast the Bruin games in Boston, I listened three times a week to the broadcast. In those days I knew all the hockey players, just as I know all the baseball players now.

The Grunt and Groan game has never interested me. And boxing only when a world championship is at stake.

Professional football I do not care for, and the colleges will lose their hold on the public if professionalism creeps in. The college game that is fought for blood where there is no sell-out, is the most interesting game to me. I would as soon see a Little Three baseball game as a big league contest.

For the past twenty-five years, I have followed athletics here in the Connecticut Valley very closely in colleges, prep schools, and high schools. Some of my best friends are among the local coaches, such men as Coach Lloyd Jordan of Amherst and his predecessor Tusk McLaughey, Kid Gore and his director Curray Hicks of State College, and Coach DeGrote at Springfield College.

All these men have done a great work for young

men and boys, and their influence for good is immeasurable.

I take off my hat to them. So long as ninety million Americans pay admissions to basketball each season, fifty million to baseball, and nearly as many to football, we shall keep fit. A strong body should go with a strong mind and strong hands with a clean heart. Athletics, and all phases of the Great Out-of-Doors Life will help to make a better race. He who lives nearest to Mother Nature best preserves his health, strength and happiness.

In 1938, the United Press asked me to write a short resume of the football season and pick an all-Eastern team in advance of the sports writers, I submitted the following:

"There is an atmosphere at a football game different from any other sport. The beauty of the autumn landscape, the smell of the smooth gridiron with its fragrant grass, the shouts of youngsters as they climb to the highest bleacher seats, where they sit on top of the world, the excited greetings of old grads, the chatter of women, and cries of vendors, and the staccato barking of quarterbacks as they call signals, while a wild shiver of excitement runs through the crowd.

"The games I attend personally are at Amherst College, which is my first love and where I am an honor man, Massachusetts State College, and Springfield College.

"I prefer to sit on the fifty-yard line. Then, after the kickoff, I can tell by sound, within two or three yards, of how far the ball is run back. I can always distinguish end runs from line plays by sound. I have made a thorough study of the strategy of football, and often entertain the people in my party by

calling the plays in advance of the quarterback, getting seventy-five per cent right.

"The wildest afternoon I have had this season was when I saw Amherst trounce Norwich University while I listened to the fourth of the World Series baseball games and the nerve-wracking last half of the Army-Columbia game where the lead changed six times. This was accomplished through the radio in my car.

"In addition to attending local games, I listen to most of the big games over the radio. I have heard all the games at the Yale Bowl. I consider Dartmouth the strongest team that has appeared there, and possibly better than Yale. I have heard all the games broadcast from Notre Dame.

"I have always been thumbs down on colleges using ringers. A boy goes to college for a sheepskin and not a pigskin.

"When I heard Pitt run rough-shod over Notre Dame recently, I said that Pitt should go to the Rose Bowl.

"My selection for an All-Eastern team, based on performances heard over the radio and newspaper accounts of games is as follows:

"Backs—Frank of Yale, MacLeod of Dartmouth, Osmanski of Holy Cross, and Goldberg of Pittsburgh.

"Ends—Souchak of Pittsburgh and Holland of Cornell.

"Tackles—Kavorkian of Harvard, and Mellus of Villanova.

"Guards—Petro of Pittsburgh and Hooper of Cornell.

"Center—Wojciechowicz of Fordham."

Eight out of these eleven players were the same the experts picked a month later.

Chapter XI

CAMPAIGNING WITH A TYPEWRITER

My typewriter is one of the best friends I have. That and the telephone and the radio are all side by side in my study. They all connect me with the outer world. In the old days, when I was younger, I did not mind campaigning in person, provided the cause was good. But today, I sit at my typewriter and send my message out to the world.

First and last I have campaigned for many causes in this way. Conservation, the feeding of birds, and planting of trees are my favorite themes. I am also always preaching kindness to dumb animals, love of wild kindred, and the preservation of all beauty spots of earth. Then in the humanities there are many fine causes that any good citizen should advocate. The Boy Scouts, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the Salvation Army, are always wanting funds. Village improvement, civic righteousness, clean politics, and a good government. For all these objects, I have written editorials and special articles.

In politics, I have often espoused good causes, of a local character, for it is up to each good citizen to help make his own community what he wants the nation to be. Never but twice have I taken part in national election, and even then I presume my efforts were not of great weight.

In 1924, when Calvin Coolidge ran for the presidency, I wrote an article which pleased Mr. Coolidge, and for which he wrote a letter of thanks, reminding me that he had been writing good things about me for twenty-five years. The article *Granite and Gold*

appeared in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and was widely copied.

GRANITE AND GOLD

When I was a small boy and lived in the country, we had to go three miles to the nearest village to trade. The country road was rather lonely and at one spot it ran through a dark pine forest. Back from the road in the very heart of the forest stood a granite quarry. It made a striking picture, standing gray and ghostly in the pine gloom. My childish fancy conjured up the idea that deep in the quarry was a vein of pure gold. So I coined the phrase "Granite and Gold," because it sounded so good.

Often during the past three years I have applied the phrase to the life of Calvin Coolidge, because it seemed to describe him better than any other I could think of. I have always been an ardent New Englander, and have written much about our people. To me it is not strange that we have produced Calvin Coolidge, rather it is strange that we have not produced more like him. Not of his rare genius, that would be too much to expect from Nature, but more of his kind. For he is the very essence of New England in every way, a yankee of the Yankees.

His philosophy of life and his ideals are as simple and clear-cut as those of the Pilgrims and the Puritans. Like our forefathers, he never compromises with the wrong, like them he speaks simply and to the point, and means what he says. Calvin Coolidge is a fundamentalist. Like the Constitution of the United States, he is grounded in bedrock. He rarely if ever makes political speeches, his utterances are too fundamental to be for any special time. He be-

lieves that truth and right are the same, yesterday, today, and forever. His ideals are as broad as the needs of humanity and his sane philosophy will help Americans a hundred years hence, just as it does today.

To those who do not know him well, he seems like my granite quarry, cold, silent, and immovable. Yet, for his friends there is beneath his austere New England bearing a wealth of love and tenderness which bears out the old adage that "still waters run deep." No man loves his family, his home, his country more. This is his heart of pure gold. If he is silent, yet he keeps up a tireless thinking, so when he speaks, he speaks with authority.

If he is immovable, in this age of shifting sand, that is well. Never in the memory of man have the ideals of humanity been so shifting and evanescent. So if there is one who stands firm while all else changes, it is well. We need at this time, as never before, a wise counsellor, a man who is sincere, one who can lead us back into the noble ideals of the forefathers. Such a man is Calvin Coolidge.

How can we better serve our day and generation than by keeping him four years longer in the White House? From that vantage ground he can point us the way and lead us back to all of those sweet and simple humanities of human living which we seem to have lost sight of. Let all of those who still cherish the ideals upon which this country was founded, who long for honesty, simplicity, and common sense, vote for Calvin Coolidge on November fourth. By so doing, they will serve both themselves and generations to come.

In 1932, I listened to all the major campaign

speeches, and I was deeply touched with the valiant struggle President Hoover was making, almost single-handed.

Finally I was moved to write another campaign article. It was sent to about twenty papers. I do not know if it was any help to President Hoover, but I don't think it hurt him any. I consider anything I said about President Hoover was true in 1932, and it still stands, as I think he is one of the greatest statesmen in the country today.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

There is no more sublime and touching scene in American history than that of Herbert Hoover, the orphan son of the Iowa Prairie, and a true scion of the "Covered Wagon" stock, when, at the age of ten years, he set his courageous young face westward, and sought his fortune in the land of the setting sun. It is comparable to that of Lincoln in the Kentucky log cabin and Garfield riding the tow-horse beside the Erie Canal, and of McKinley the barefoot Ohio boy, warming his feet in the morning when he went to pasture in the spot where the cows had slept the night before. Such presidents are home-spun, and come very close to the heart of the common people and the nation. They have known the problems of human life from childhood. They were not born with the golden spoon in their mouths, and the problems of the poor are not just theories, they have lived with them. Born in a home so humble that Christmas was made glad only by popcorn balls and hickory nuts, that orphan boy must have inherited both the physical brawn of his blacksmith father, and the Christ Love of his sainted mother, else he could not

have weathered such a fate and come through with flying colors. Every man and woman who has worked their way through college, will appreciate young Hoover's struggles. He is a pre-eminently self-made man, and he did a mighty good job, one that money-made candidates can never know. The story of his college life and young manhood reads like a splendid romance, especially after he discovered the brave young woman who was not afraid to go with him to the ends of the world. At twenty-four he was trusted with great mining enterprises, at thirty with the management of all the railroads in the Celestial Empire, and in 1917, with the feeding of the entire world. Such was Herbert Hoover's rapid rise.

If there was any man in America who knew the problem of the Western Farmer, it was the man born among them, with the shadow of a mortgage on his boyhood's humble home. If Mr. Hoover had not known the problems of the Western Farmer, Calvin Coolidge, that far-seeing American, would not have offered him the post of Secretary of Agriculture, while he was still Secretary of Commerce.

None but a western man can fully appreciate the problems of the Middle West, and the financial distress of its people. Certainly a city-bred man, born in opulence, cannot.

Fourteen times in our country's history, just such a storm as the present financial gale has struck us. Each time the opposing political party has tried to blame it on the president, who has been just as blameless as the captain at sea when a tropical hurricane descends upon his ship. Such panics are like the elements, and as restless and ungovernable as a storm at sea. Yet "Peanut Politicians," who seek

to capitalize their country's misfortunes, and to gain advantage out of their country's distress, seek to blame the storm upon the captain of the ship. At sea, the mate and crew work with the captain, but in a political storm, the opposing party hangs upon the rail, and jeers at the crew and taunts the captain. I make this statement boldly, for it cannot be denied that no statesman living could have handled the ship of state with greater skill in this terrific financial storm, than has Herbert Hoover. His courage has been sublime, his faith unwavering, and his seamanship of the highest order. It is a fact of history.

No other financial captain knows the chart and the soundings in this particular financial storm as does the man who for three years has held the ship to her course, and no one else is so able to take the ship onward to a safe harbor. He has earned the right to pilot the ship for the rest of the way, where the going is less perilous, and the blue sky beginning to show through the clouds. Is it fair to ask the captain, who has stood at the bridge for three long years, often alone in the black watch of the night, to give up the ship now, and to relinquish the credit to another, who has been just a passenger in the storm, one who has never sailed such a ship and does not know the reefs and the shoals? A thousand times, No. And that is what the American people will say on November eighth.

No man save Lincoln has ever known such loneliness and pain of heart and brain as has Herbert Hoover, during the last three years. Although he does not say so, yet this was plainly readable between the lines at his Des Moines speech. To stand the gaff of a carping opposition, is a strain that only

such men as Lincoln and Hoover know. Lincoln might well have looked down with sympathy and pity upon Herbert Hoover, during these past three years. The great presidents of the past have all suffered in the travail of their country. If the American people are fair in their judgment, use their reason instead of impulse, if they give praise where it is due, they will keep Herbert Hoover in the White House another four years. Kipling must have been thinking of some harassed statesman when he penned these lines:

> If you can keep your head when all about you
> Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
> If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
> But make allowance for their doubting too;
> If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
> Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
> Or being hated don't give way to hating,
> Yet do not look too good, nor talk too wise:
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
> and—which is more—you'll be a man, my son.

President Hoover is a man four-square, calm amid the turbulence of the great political storm, dealing in arguments where others deal in innuendo, praising wherever praise is possible. Generous to his political adversaries, fighting the battle fairly and above ground, not fighting the devil with his own tools, beholding our country's problems with the vision of statesmancraft, guarding our banks, railroads, and other utilities by his great financial genius, always mindful of labor, and calling for the highest possible wage, bespeaking co-operation of capital and labor, ever planning for better American homes and preaching the sanctity of the family, ever mindful of little children and always working for their good, ever

holding aloft the ideals of the nation, and leading us back to the "straight and narrow way," elevating and upholding by his high office the best in American life. Such a man is Herbert Hoover. His place is in the White House, and the good sense of the American people will keep him there for another four years.

Chapter XII

GOSHEN ADDRESS

150th Anniversary

As your chairman has just announced, I was born in the town of Goshen, but to be more specific it was in a humble little cottage in Lithia, then called Road Island. This was not a very auspicious domicile in which to be born, but it was the best I could do under the circumstances. I was in something of a hurry at the time and did not have a chance to pick and choose, in the vernacular of airmen I made what might be called a forced landing. But there was one thing I was very particular about and that was to choose the very best woman in all the world for my mother. Mother passed on some thirty-two years ago, but her radiant spirit has been with me ever since her going and she has never ceased to be an inspiration for higher endeavor. Shortly after mother's going another generous woman came into my life and ever since that time Mrs. Hawkes has been my eyes, my right hand, and my constant helper and has furnished much of the light of my life. I gladly give her credit for much of my achievement.

Although our home was humble, yet there were many things about the little farm that greatly interested four small children, of which I was the oldest. There was the old apple orchard back of the house where in July we had a lively scramble with the squirrels for the first ripe sweet apples. We also went the latter part of that month to the pasture for blueberries, and in August we sought the same pasture

land for blackberries. In late September and early in October we went to the woods for beechnuts and chestnuts, and also in October we went to the lily pond cranberry bog for berries.

When I was six years old I was given the task of going for the mail, which was left each day by the Cummington stage at Deacon Theron Barrus'. On my way down to the deacon's I always stopped at the Loomis farm, for kind Uncle Burton or Aunt Esther was sure to have an apple, a cookie, or a piece of cake for me, but their love was even sweeter than the cake. I never knew just why they took such an interest in me until one day they made me stand with my back against the door to see if the top of my head was as high as a certain scratch across the casing. Then they told me that this had marked the height of their own little boy the year he died, so it was the love they felt for him I was sharing.

When I was seven years old my father put a saddle on the horse one day and lifted me into it, giving me a list of groceries to get at Godfrey's Emporium here at Goshen center. Mr. Godfrey, as you will recall, was always referred to as John Henry. He was a genial, kindly man, an ideal country store keeper. When I had put my groceries into the saddle bag I was so small I had to lead my horse across the road to the Highland hotel alongside the piazza before I could climb into the saddle.

When I was seven I also began going to the little district school house in "Road Island." It was there I was first grounded in the three R's, through the assistance of Edward Packard, who was for many years one of your leading citizens. I sometimes tell people that I received the rudiments of my education

Birthplace of Clarence Hawkes, Goshen, Mass.

in a little storm-stained, time-worn school house situated on the edge of a cow pasture. The cow pasture in question was Deacon Theron Barrus' and his cows often looked in at the window to see what we scholars were doing.

Nine of the thirteen years during which I had my eyesight were spent here in Goshen and many of of your most beautiful scenes in nature were etched upon my memory at that time. Without this wealth of scenic beauty in my mind I could not have written the forty nature books that I have produced. Every phase of the four-act drama of nature here in your midst is perfectly familiar to me, the greening of spring, the yellowing of summer, the reddening of autumn and the whitening of winter.

When the goddess of the spring time comes winging her way up from the sunny South and the first touch of green is seen in your mowings along the sunny South slope, when the arbutus is fragrant in the pasture land, when the cowslip lifts her golden chalice by the brookside, and the meadowlarks and bobolinks make music all through the lowlands, when you keep tryst with that white-robed maiden, the shadbush, at the edge of the forest, then these scenes, to a nature lover, are a veritable paradise.

When the summer comes and her gorgeous mantle is spread athwart the landscape, when the song of the mowing machine is heard all through the morning hours in the ten-acre lot, when the scent of the new mown hay is heavy on the air, when the tall corn rises and falls gently billowing beneath the touch of the merry breeze, when the nighthawk at twilight courses through the summer sky and the whip-poor-will sings in the thicket and every wayside is beauti-

ful with buttercups and daisies, then these Hampshire hills are like Eden.

When autumn comes and her campfires burn on a hundred hilltops in the red of the soft maple and sumac, when the corn is cut and in the shock standing in long straight rows and the corn field looks for all the world like an Indian village with many tepees, with the golden pumpkins gleaming in between, when the orchards are bending beneath their load of ripe apples, red, yellow, green and russet, when that dreamy haze is over all the landscape, and peace is in the heart, ah, then these Hampshire hills are like the Elysian fields.

When winter comes and her white blankets are spread athwart the fields and the little brook is locked in his icy palace for a long winter's sleep, when on a winter's eve while the winds howl outside and the snow beats against the window pane the family within are comfortable and cozy in the living room clustered about the great chunk stove, eating apples, popping corn and cracking nuts and jokes, while perhaps one of the family reads aloud from *Snowbound*, ah, then these Hampshire hills are a scene of simple domesticity, happiness, and content that is rarely equalled in the United States.

No, I do not fear that in the future the beauty of these Hampshire hills will be in any way diminished, rather will it grow, for city people will come in and help you beautify your road sides and preserve all your wonderful natural beauties. But what I do fear is that in the future less and less will the descendants of the old New England stock be found tending the sacred flame of domesticity and patriotism here on the hearthstones of old Goshen. More

and more will this sacred task be done by alien hands and hearts that know not the Pilgrim and the Puritan. In the words of Oliver Goldsmith:

> Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade;
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

The following poem was also written for the occasion:

THE BRAVE PIONEERS

I'll sing you a song of the brave Pioneers,
The men and the matrons of old,
Who founded this nation, 'mid hardships and fears,
And suffered privations untold.
A song of the settler who never spared self,
While conquering the forest and sod,
Who scorned the king's taxes, and spurned the king's pelf,
While building a nation for God.

They came from the city, they came from the coast,
On horseback, on foot, and in carts,
Their earthly possessions were little to boast,
Their gold was deep down in their hearts,
They came with the axe and the saw in strong hands,
These builders from city and town,
Wherever they halted a village now stands,
The forest primeval came down.

O the brave Pioneers, the strong Pioneers,
Who gave to this nation its birth,
We greet you today with our song and our cheers,
For you were the salt of the earth.

They laid out our hamlets, they founded our towns,
They builded the church and the school,
On idleness ever these workers did frown,
They wielded the rod and the rule.
They taught us reliance for man and for youth,
With every hard acre they broke,
They gave us our manhood, they gave us our truth,
Their hearts were as strong as the oak.

Noble the women of Pioneer days,
Who mastered the loom and the wheel,
They worked with the men folks in wheatfield and maize,
No rouge did their beauty conceal.
Noble companions for men who were workers,
They mothered their babies full well,
In cabin and field they never were shirkers,
Their virtues no poet could tell.

O the brave Pioneers, the great Pioneers,
You fill us with shame and with pride,
You were our teachers, our preachers and seers,
For country you lived and you died.

'Twas the Pioneer spirit of heroes of old,
That carried their offspring afar,
O'er prairie and desert prospecting for gold,
Unto the far ocean's bar.
They builded our railroads, they tunnelled each hill,
Their ships were by fair breezes blown,
From ocean to ocean they conquered each ill,
They gave us the flag that we own.

O the Pioneer faith, may it never die,
But ever grow more grand,
With its selfless love and its motives high,
That energize our land.
Yes, we reverence you, brave seers of God,
Though you sleep in the distant field,
Yet your spirits rise up through the matted sod,
And a mighty influence wield.

O the brave Pioneers, the true Pioneers
Who taught us devotion always.
You gave us our manhood, so now without fears,
We'll conquer the ills of our day.

Yes, we'll keep the land that you founded here,
In a faith that was sublime,
And we'll carry on from year to year,
Down the corridors of time.

NOTE:—

On August 2, 1939, the good people of Goshen placed a bronze tablet on their community house, the James building. The tablet was inscribed as follows:

> "To Dr. Clarence Hawkes, poet, naturalist, and lecturer, born at Goshen, Mass., Dec. 16, 1869. The author of fifty published books. He loves nature and little children."

Chapter XIII

THE HAMPSHIRE COUNTY BIBLE

"The Hampshire County Bible" is a term of endearment which the people of Hampshire County have given to the *Daily Hampshire Gazette*, published in Northampton, the city where Calvin Coolidge lived so long.

This is a very old paper, being founded in 1786, so it has its roots in the very heart of the young nation. It has the distinction of having published the original copy of William Cullen Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. At the time Mr. Bryant wrote the poem, he was a young man, living in Cummington, Mass., among the Hampshire hills.

The *Gazette* played an important part in the antibellum days of the Civil War. If I remember rightly, the editor at that time was an abolitionist, and helped carry on one of the underground railroads which spirited the negroes away to Canada.

The very best friend I ever had on the *Gazette* staff, was Joseph Lyman, who took over the editor's desk before he was thirty, and ably held that position until his untimely death at the age of forty-one.

Two of his editorials upon my life and work are among the best notices I have ever received, so I am including them in this book.

The first is called *The House in the Woods*:

The proverb, variously credited to Emerson, Elbert Hubbard, and lesser known philosophers, that if a man can make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door, has

been illustrated once more in the career of Clarence Hawkes, the blind author of Hadley. To be sure, the town of Hadley isn't exactly in the woods, and Mr. Hawkes has never directed his literary attention to mice. But as an authority on nature lore, a writer of inspiring verse, and a man who manages to keep cheerful and sweet-tempered in the face of handicaps that would embitter most people, Clarence Hawkes has become nationally and internationally known.

The extent of this fame is reflected in the collection of letters from notables to the Hadley man, which he has presented to Forbes Library. Among the writers of the letters are such well-known people as Calvin Coolidge, George W. Cable, Marion Leroy Burton, Bishop F. D. Huntington, S. Parks Cadman, James Whitcomb Riley, John Kendrick Bangs, Julia Ward Howe, Helen Keller, Earnest Thompson Seton, L. Clark Seelye, Alexander Meiklejohn, Gene Stratton-Porter, Lyman P. Powell, and Robert T. Lincoln, son of the Civil War President. These are but a few of the scores of individuals who have felt moved to write personally to the blind naturalist-poet and express their appreciation of his writings and their admiration of his character.

There are few men in the literary world today whose lives are such a striking exemplification of courage and stout-heartedness, as Mr. Hawkes'. Deprived of his eyesight when a young man, and further crippled by the loss of a leg, he faced the world with few friends and virtually no resources. By sheer grit he put himself through college and learned to operate a typewriter and began to write nature books. These volumes have become known and loved by children and older people in many countries of the world.

During the gloom of the depression, Mr. Hawkes repeatedly has sounded a note of reassurance, hope, and good cheer in his poems, and many of these verses have been published throughout the country and broadcast to thousands of listeners. The later years have not been kind altogether to the Hadley author, but his spirit remains serene and his faith undaunted. Small wonder that, during his fifty years of blindness, men and women in high places have written him to express their admiration and esteem. These tributes must be more prized by Mr. Hawkes than any financial reward his years of work have brought him, and Northampton should feel honored to have him present the entire collection to the library here.

MR. LYMAN'S EASTER EDITORIAL

Another Easter will dawn tomorrow, an Easter earlier in the season than usual, with much of New England still bearing traces of the recent snowstorm. Yet spring officially arrived nearly a week ago and signs of the awakening of nature after a cold slumber of winter will become more numerous and pronounced each day, with the sun rising earlier and the lingering of it later from now until mid-June.

Many of us take these seasonal changes as a matter of course without pausing to reflect on their meaning nor even to watch closely the remarkable transformation of frozen sod and bare branches into the fragrance and beauty of leaves and blossoms.

But for a few, at least, the miracle of spring time is ever fresh and wonderful; people like Clarence Hawkes, Hadley's poet and naturalist, who has lived in darkness for more than fifty years, yet who has

not forgotten the green fields of Goshen, which he roamed as a lad.

No longer can he see for himself the pale green of the willows along the brook, the red chalice of the first tulip, or the foamy whiteness of the shadbush in a brown forest. Others must tell him where the forsythias are spilling their bright yellow upon leafless twigs and how the bluets are laying a carpet of pale porcelain over the poorest pasture land.

Yet there are many things that Clarence Hawkes need not be told. He knows spring has come when he hears the song of his friends, the birds, when he hears the shouts of the schoolboys in their first baseball practice, or when he breathes in the odor of freshly turned earth.

He knows it is spring because the feeling of spring is in his heart. Every Easter, Mr. Hawkes writes for the *Gazette* an appropriate poem and this year he describes the *Easter Thoughts* that pervade all nature at this season of awakening:

EASTER THOUGHTS

Easter thoughts are in the grasses,
Easter thoughts are in the trees,
And the South Wind when it passes
Whispers of their ecstasies.

Life athrob and life aquiver
Reaches upward toward the sky,
To the Father and the Giver
Of those things that do not die.

Bud and blossom, man and woman
Blending in a sweet accord
With the infinite, the human,
Ever looking to the Lord.

What gives Clarence Hawkes the courage to sing these songs of gladness, in spite of his affliction? May it not be because he finds in the re-birth of spring flowers a promise of life eternal? Mr. Hawkes, has, we feel sure, a deep conviction that his years of darkness are but the prelude to a fairer day, when he shall see all things and understand what may now be hard to comprehend.

If a man who lost his sight more than a half-century ago can remain serene and confident, cannot the rest of us borrow some of this courage and faith as we look to the future?

After Joe's death in 1937, I wrote a tribute to this good friend, which I concluded as follows:

I cannot think of Joe as dead, especially this Easter week, for he still lives in the hearts and minds of his many friends. Such men do not die, for the good they do lives after them, to blossom eternally.

Neither can I think of Joe as very far away. Instead I think of him in some nearby field, where the grasses are greener, the flowers fairer, the bird songs sweeter, the air fresher, and the skies bluer than they are in our trouble-wracked world.

Such men do not die they just pass on to life more abundant, in happier, brighter scenes.

To such, we do not say Goodbye,
But in some fairer clime, Good Morning.

Chapter XIV

MY GOSPEL OF LIFE

From the Hampshire Daily Gazette

In talking to a newspaper man recently, Clarence Hawkes, the poet-naturalist of Hadley, enunciated his gospel of life in one word, "service." "To stretch out a helping hand to help an unfortunate brother or a little child, over some hard place in life is what we are in the world for, and without this gospel of service, life would hardly be worth the living," he said. "This is especially true of little children, who were so dear to the Master. Phillips Brooks once said, 'Help a child and you will help humanity in the quickest and the most effective manner.'

"I do not throw up my hands in despair," says Mr. Hawkes, "when the morning mail brings me a fat envelope containing forty or fifty letters from as many children in some far-away school, but I sit down to the typewriter and answer them as well as I can, always keeping in mind the fact that the 'Child is father of the man,' and these little ones may remember me long after I have passed on.

"Emerson's great essay on compensation is just as true today as when it was written. 'Misfortunes, if we have faith and courage, can be turned into blessings.'

"Next to helping children I like to help people without eyesight, for I fully appreciate their struggle. So it was a great satisfaction after the World War, to be able to have *Hitting the Dark Trail* printed in raised print for the 5000 blinded soldiers of France.

"It does not matter that there was no money in this enterprise, for as Eugene Brieux the French dramatist said: 'To have thrown out the life line to these unfortunate soldiers was in itself a reward beyond mere money.' "

Hardly a day goes by but Mr. Hawkes receives some letter like the one from a stranger in Ohio. "It is such things as these," said Mr. Hawkes, "that makes life worth the living. The days may sometimes be long, and the way seem dark, but in serving our fellowmen we forget our own hardships, for as a philosopher once said: 'The only things we can take with us when we go hence, are those things which we have given away in life.' "

Here is Mr. Hawkes' letter from Ohio:

Middletown, Ohio.
Jan. 17th, 1927

Mr. Clarence Hawkes,
Hadley, Mass.
Dear Sir:

I have read the story of your life, its trials and disappointments, your heartaches and suffering, the glorious battle against odds, and now the reward of the conqueror.

In the story of your life, Mr. Hawkes, I have found incentive to carry on a number of reversals and attendant disappointments, for having read of your struggle, against such great odds, have found mine to dwindle into insignificance.

I, Mr. Hawkes, am also a writer of verse at times, and I wrote one, a few years ago, which seems to have been intended for you, and with your permission, may I give it to you?

GIVE ME NOT YOUR SYMPATHY

Give me not your sympathy, for though my sight be gone,
There is a wondrous world for me that I may gaze upon,
There is a beauty that my thoughts can realize and see.
A gift, an inner consciousness, that pictures all for me.

The fragrance of the new turned earth reveals its secret now,
Portrays to me the wonder of a newly budded bough.
I hear the drone of countless bees, can visualize the scene,
Know I the happy carefree tone of children on the Green.

And so each minute thing of Life its marvels can make known,
My mind is but a canvas screen upon which scenes are shown,
So I ask not your sympathy, for though my sight be gone,
There is a wondrous world for me, that I may gaze upon.

Please accept this Mr. Hawkes, as a tribute to your unconquerable faith, from one who was on the verge of losing his own.

Sincerely,

Norbert F. Kaffenberger.

Another poem received the same day from another Ohio admirer, Mr. Hawkes likes still better. It is entitled:

THERE IS NO DARKNESS

There is no darkness to the lover of God's things,
For the understanding Eye of Spirit brings
Hosts of wonders, unseen by human eye,
For stern necessity often makes us try
Our wings!

There is no darkness to him whose sightless eyes,
Have felt the wonder of God's Paradise,
And patiently waits upon the Lord,
And of his glory has plentifully stored
His mind.

No darkness is there left to him who richly sees,
The bounteousness of Present and Eternity,
For do not God's eyes see first through the heart?
To know His secrets we have but to hark and yearn.

CHARLOTTE DUNN.

Toledo, Ohio.

Chapter XV

BOUNCING THE BLUES

When I was about sixteen years old, three years after I lost my sight, it was forcefully brought home to me, if I was to survive the double tragedy that had befallen me, if I was to live a happy, normal life and get through the years without a perpetual long face, I must develop to the utmost a sense of humor. Where I would naturally look upon the dark side, I must turn away from my own dark surroundings and in some way look upon the sunny side of life. I must be an asset of hope to my friends and acquaintances, instead of a liability of despair and gloom. I must create within my own soul a sunshine factory. I must keep inside me a light always bright and beautiful. This was no mean task, but I set about it with a will.

At that time conundrums were much in vogue, so I began collecting the best ones, and also funny stories. My rule in acquiring funny stories is to remember one out of fifty or a hundred, for there are only about two percent that are really funny.

My practice in telling funny stories and bits of humor is not to use a funny story, unless it will illustrate the point in question better than serious words will, and not to overdo my good cheer. Humor will pall on an audience sooner than any other form of entertainment. I used to give a humorous lecture which lasted an hour. After the first thirty minutes it was desperately hard to make people laugh. The funny bone had been tickled so much by that time

they were tired. So I finally introduced some serious matter toward the end of the lecture.

A great humorist once said twenty minutes was the limit for sustained humor. There is the danger of becoming a bore with one's stories and mirth provoking incidents. There are some people who cannot either see or take a joke, so one has to choose his audience with great care, if he wishes his laughter lines to get across. But after considering all the failures, in trying to cheer people up, in trying to Bounce their Blues and to put them on the Sunny Side of the Street, it pays the best of any public speaking I ever did.

I have gone with my laughter lotion to schools for the blind, homes for the aged blind, hospitals, poor-houses, and to the heartsick and heavy laden, wherever and whenever I could find them.

Nor is it always necessary to go to your audience, often it comes to you. Sometimes as individuals, who are depressed and discouraged, or it may be a large party. I have always tried to send them away with lighter hearts than when they came. Hundreds of people have written me, telling of the uplift and sense of hope and happiness they carried away from my home.

Another way of scattering sunshine is over the telephone. I always have at least a half a dozen shut-ins, blind people, sick people, and others on whose shoulders the burden of life rests heavily, on my telephone list. It is a great joy to call a depressed person and gradually hear the voice grow bright and hopeful, and finally to have the discouraged one hang up the receiver with a glad laugh.

I heard Dr. Russell Conwell say once, if he had his

Pals at Bird Acre

life to live over, he would preach a religion of laughter. He was convinced that was the only religion worth preaching.

Lowell once said humor was the best safety valve vouched from God to men. Mark Twain once said there will be no humor in heaven. If this is so, it will not be heaven.

Scattering sunshine along the highway of life is the very best thing I have done. There is little to make one laugh in my fifty published books, but the laughter has come from the spoken word. A gift from the Gods, so I have passed it on with gladness and rejoicing, a priceless heritage of hope and good cheer.

Chapter XVI

FAWCETT and HAWKES

By Percy F. Bicknell

Note by Author:—

There is such a striking parallel between the life of the late Sir Henry Fawcett, Postmaster General of England, and my own life, that this parallel has attracted much attention both in England and in this country. Several articles have been written upon this strange coincidence. One of the best is that of Mr. Percy Bicknell which appeared a few years ago in the *Baltimore Sun*. The article follows:

Biography, like history, repeats itself.

His father had accidentally peppered him in the eyes with small shot from a fowling piece. Luckily the son was wearing glasses and the resistance offered by the lenses saved his life, as otherwise the brain and not the eyes alone would have been penetrated by the shot.

That was seventy years ago, and the victim of the tragic occurrence, as the reader may have surmised, was Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman, economist and Postmaster-General. But it may well be that we ought to say fortunate occurrence, not tragic occurrence, as the loss of sight became, for the loser, a sharp spur to memorable achievement. Undismayed by this sudden plunge, at twenty-five, into the gloom of perpetual night, he developed a cheery fortitude and an unfailing optimism that were to prove not the least valuable of his personal assets. His ringing laugh became famous, his mirth was contagious, his jokes and witticisms were keenly relished and widely repeated. It is true that a gift

for humorous statement was bestowed upon him at birth. In the days of his not too willing attendance at a school the little boy is said to have reported plaintively to his parents, in reference to the teacher, "Mrs. Harris says if we go on we shall kill her, and we do go on, and yet"—regretfully—"she does not die."

To some resolute natures opposition is the very breath of life. So it was with Fawcett. Certain dolefully sympathetic friends, Job's comforters, tried to dissuade him from entering upon a public career, advising instead of a life of scholarly seclusion devoted to contemplation and speculative thought. But dissuasion and seemingly insuperable obstacles—blindness, paucity of means, lack of influence and favor in high places—only made the future parliamentarian, reformer, and Cambridge professor of political economy the more determined to win through at all hazards and at any cost. And he succeeded.

Dr. Alfred Adler, of the Pedagogic Institute of Vienna, goes so far as to maintain that "the greatest achievements, the really worthwhile achievements, have been made by those whose equipment was poor," and that "we must come to the conclusion that it is one of the greatest advantages to a person to be born with defective organs," because "normal persons with normal organs . . . lack the tremendous tension characteristic of a person who is defective." In the metaphor of another and much earlier observer, they lack the proper spur to prick the sides of their intent. Dr. Adler further declares that "progress and achievement result only from the conquest of difficulties. He who conquers difficulties

wins." Everyone knows (while we are dispensing platitudes) that the stream whose waters encounter no obstructing dam accomplishes no work; its energies are dissipated. A certain "coefficient of resistance" is needed if the locomotive's driving wheels are to pull the train and not spin idly on the track. The Autocrat's famous paradox will suggest itself at this point: He who would live to a good old age should begin early to cultivate an incurable disease. Many an octogenarian has achieved length of days not in spite of but because of physical frailty.

This "tension characteristic of a person who is defective" is illustrated in hundreds of examples more or less familiar; but let us here confine ourselves to the defect of blindness. A striking parallel to the instance just cited is found in our American poet and naturalist, author and lecturer, Clarence Hawkes, still living and keenly enjoying life in the beautiful New England village of Hadley. Like Fawcett, he was blinded by his father as the result of a heart-breaking accident while the two were out shooting wild fowl, but the accident was far more painful to the victim, and more nearly fatal, than was the case with Fawcett. In the later instance, too, the loss of sight came on top of an earlier loss of a leg, so that at the rather tender age of thirteen and a half years the lad found himself doubly handicapped in the race of life.

The moving account of the lad's double misfortune should be read in Mr. Hawkes' brief autobiography entitled *Hitting the Dark Trail*, in the course of which, referring to the event that deflected the current of his life "for better or for worse," he takes occasion to say: "That it was for worse as far as my life's happi-

ness and bodily comfort were concerned there can be no question, but that I have accomplished infinitely more because of what befell me on that terrible day I do not doubt." Without harrowing the reader's feelings by describing the two years of torment during which the poor boy was, at intervals, strapped securely to a table and subjected to the most excruciatingly painful operations on his eyes, and all to no purpose, let us quote his brief account of the fading of the last ray of light and hope.

"Every morning when I arose I would first go to the head of the stairs and test my waning vision on a colored curtain that hung at a window in the hall below. So gradually, so surely, so relentlessly did my vision finally fade, that I was obliged to descend one stair each day to see the curtain in the hall. Finally I counted the stairs and calculated that two weeks from that day I should be totally blind, and this was just what came to me."

It is interesting to note, in both Fawcett and Hawkes, a fondness for fishing and skating and a determination not to let a physical handicap interfere with favorite forms of physical exercise. Young Hawkes, after the substitution of an artificial leg for the natural member, in his tenth year, was obliged to exercise his ingenuity in fastening a skate to this extremity; but he seems to have succeeded. Like Fawcett, again, our blind poet necessarily found his memory and his power of concentration tested and developed by the loss of sight. To the blind member of Parliament this ability to memorize facts and statistics and to bring all the resources of his intellect to bear on the cogent presentation of his argument was of incalculable value and undoubtedly made him

a more effective speaker and debater than if he had retained his sight. To our sightless naturalist born among the New England hills, the recalling in minute detail of his boyhood experiences in wood and field has made it possible for him to write books of value and charm to young nature-lovers, and his extraordinary alertness in detecting the significance of the slightest sounds and the faintest scents when he is out in the open must aid him greatly in his work. It may not be uninteresting, in this connection, to hear from his own lips how he manages to follow a ball game with keenly intelligent understanding and full appreciation of every double play or thrilling four-bagger. He says:

"It must not be imagined that I only take a partial interest in the game and am a sort of outsider, for there is no one in the grandstand or on the bleachers who follows the game more closely or with more interest than I do. My knowledge of what is going forward on the diamond is so accurate that I can report a game for a newspaper, and have written a good deal about the national game first and last.

"We will suppose, in order to show how I follow the game, that we are sitting in the grandstand immediately behind the home plate. In that case the diamond and the field are a geometrical figure immediately in front of me. The player nearest to me, and immediately in front, is the catcher. Then farther on, in the middle of the diamond, though still in line, is the pitcher; still farther away is the second baseman, and away beyond him the centerfielder. To my left are the shortstop and the third baseman, and farther away is the leftfielder. This is the picture that I always have in mind when the play is called.

"When the umpire cries 'Play ball,' my nerves are strung up to the highest pitch.

" 'Ball,' cries the umpire, and I hear the ball fall with a slight spat into the catcher's mitt. By the slight sound that it made I know that the ball pitched was a drop, for the force had nearly all gone out of it.

" 'Ball,' cries the umpire again. But this ball strikes the catcher's mitt with a vicious spat, so it was not a drop. Probably it was an out, or perhaps it was too high. Anyway it was a ball, and what sort of one does not much matter.

" 'Strike,' calls the umpire. Now the question arises in my mind: Did the batter swing at the ball, or was the strike called on him? But a spectator nearby sets me right by observing: 'He ought to have offered at that one,' so I know it was called.

" 'Strike,' again calls the umpire, and again I am puzzled as to whether the strike was called or the batsman offered.

" 'Gee!' cries a small boy near me. 'If he had hit that one it would have gone over the fence.' So I know he offered at it viciously.

"Again the pitcher winds up and there is a loud crack from the bat. There is a rather long minute of suspense, and then I hear the ball strike the shortstop's mitt. It was a pop fly, which went rather high, and that was why I waited so long to hear the catch. If the sound had come quickly I should have known by the same reasoning that it was a hot drive, going low to the ground, and that the shortstop stabbed at it, as they say.

"Another batsman steps to the plate and hits the first ball pitched, sharply. I hear the ball strike the shortstop's mitt again, and a second later it resounds

in the mitt of the first baseman over at my right. It was a ground ball, and was fielded nicely and thrown accurately, and the umpire cries, 'Out.'

"Often when the decision is close I listen intently to see whether the feet of the base runner strike the base or the ball the baseman's mitt first. If the base runner makes first and I hear soon after the ball spat in the baseman's mitt, I know the pitcher is throwing to first to catch him. As soon as a runner gets upon the base the coaching gives me a clue each time as to what happens on the base. Each time the coach cries sharply, 'Look out!' I imagine the runner pitching for the bag, and I hear the ball spat in the baseman's mitt, telling of the throw. The same rule applies to second base, and also to third. To any one familiar with the game, every word of the coach means a corresponding motion on the field.

"When a batted ball goes away out into the field I have to listen sharply to hear the fielder catch it, but my ear is so trained with attending many hundreds of games that I can usually hear the ball fall to the ground if it is muffed. If I did not, the fate of the base runner would give me the necessary clue. Very rarely, if I am paying attention, am I obliged to ask my companion where the ball went and what the play was. Grounders I usually hear skimming along the diamond, and very high flies I recognize by the time the ball stays in the air.

"Thus the play goes on for nine exciting innings, and I am sure there is no one on the grounds more excited or interested than myself."

In the great outdoors, on a summer day, Mr. Hawkes finds himself thoroughly at home, and he is a far keener and more intelligent observer than the

average seeing person. "It would surprise one of the uninitiated," he says, "to know how much I can observe of the out-of-doors, either in field or forest, or on lakes and streams, wholly by myself without the aid of eyes. My hearing for the slightest sounds of nature is so keen, and my senses are so quick to detect new clues either by sound or scent, that I am just as apt to discover the new and wonderful things as are my seeing friends who accompany me. In the spring I hear more wild geese go over than does any one else in the vicinity, because my ears are unconsciously keyed to catch their stirring water slogan. To the trained ear every rustle and every snapping twig in the forest means something, and all these slight sounds tell their own story."

To this alert listener the steady trot-trot of a fox is no more like the uneven hop of a rabbit than the galloping of a horse is like the plodding footfall of an ox. A bird and a squirrel never rustle the leaves of a tree in the same way, and the scratching of small squirrel feet down the bark of a tree trunk has a distinctly different character from the sound made by a woodpecker going up the bark. Further, the bird language is understood much better by this blind bird lover than by most seeing persons, all the little intonations and modulations having a very real meaning to him.

To Fawcett also, in his ardent love of nature, she spoke a various language. For his gayer hours she had indeed a voice of gladness, and a smile and eloquence of beauty. "One Sunday," it is related of him, "he went rowing with a friend on the Thames. It was a glorious day, and Fawcett was delighted with the church bells. They paused to listen, and he ex-

claimed, 'How lovely the bells are!' and then added wickedly, 'and how glad I am that I am not in church!" About him there always hovered a glint of the impish schoolboy playing "hookey," especially when he was in the open air, revelling in the warmth of the sunshine, listening to the lap and swish of the water, the rustle of the leaves, the wind in the grass, or the songs of the birds. He loved all these glad noises, and at such times his whole being gave out joy, his gay spirit had the freshness and the unhesitating truthfulness of early youth. He was so full of the light of that inner eye which nothing could darken that he forgot his blindness in the fullness of his own bright soul. Heartily could he have assented to the sentiment: "It is a comely fashion to be glad—Joy is the grace we say to God." It surprised and startled those about him, whom he made so oblivious of his misfortune, when he would ask, "Is the sun shining?"

If ever man was possessed of that mysterious sixth sense attributed to many blind persons, as also to some who are totally deaf, Henry Fawcett certainly had that sense, as has also Clarence Hawkes. The former was a sure and fearless rider and skater, and even on yielding ice he would continue skating, unperturbed, with the water up to his ankles, while in a crowded roller-skating rink he was wont to astonish the onlookers by his swift and confident gyrations, miraculously avoiding collisions and steering his course with a joyous disregard of seeming danger to himself and others. He would also, with amazing self-assurance, make his way alone through the streets of London. By certain faint indications of air-currents and by subtle sounds and echoes he could tell when he came to a street-crossing or an obstructing

wall. His memory for voices was extraordinary, enabling him to recognize acquaintances after years of separation; indeed, a single word from a perfect stranger seemed to fix that person in his memory for all time. A handshake or a word of greeting from no matter whom would convey to him an accurate notion of the person's health and spirits.

In the same way is our blind poet wonderfully gifted. "Everyone," he assures us, "who lets his soul shine out of his face when he smiles sends me a ray of spiritual light which is like a bright sunbeam falling through a chink in the shutter into a dark room." And further: "If you were talking over the telephone to me from a hundred miles away, and sent me a smile, I should get this spiritual sunbeam just as readily as though you were right here in the room. I think this phenomenon belongs to that class of luminous appearances ascribed in all sacred writings to the spirit. The light of the eye and the light of the soul will probably some day be very real, understandable things. When we shall become a little less material and shall approach a little nearer to the source of life, which itself is light and energy, then all these things will be made plain."

In the more material and practical affairs of daily life Mr. Hawkes finds himself greatly assisted by the "sixth sense" already referred to. He calls it, in these physical relations, "a sort of physical sight or discernment," and it makes him conscious of solid objects at a distance of eight or ten feet, or, "if the object is larger, such as the side of a house, even farther away." He regards as his worst enemy the partly open door, the edge of which is not quickly apparent to him if he is moving rapidly. Hence an occasional painful collision.

Experts on the subject put forward several theories concerning the "sixth sense" of the blind. Some assert that facial nerves of extreme sensitiveness help to make up for the loss of sight; and this seems to Mr. Hawkes partly true, as with his face covered he is much less sure of himself in making his way about. Others ascribe to abnormally developed hearing the blind person's ability to avoid obstructions; and this too has for Mr. Hawkes a measure of truth, as he says, "the echo which is always present, although very slight, is of unquestionable help." Still others find an explanation in the slight compression of the atmosphere between a solid object and the approaching body of the blind person; and here also Mr. Hawkes is in partial agreement, so that he combines the three helps just mentioned in accounting for at least some of the mysterious powers of the much-discussed sixth sense of the blind.

But not even yet is the whole story told, for just as Helen Keller could feel Mark Twain's wit and humor in the pressure of his hand, or in the texture of his hand, and needed no further introduction, so our two men of inner vision, Fawcett and Hawkes, show extraordinary powers of character reading. The story of the former's first meeting Miss Millicent Garrett, whom he promptly fell in love with and later married, is significant. It was in April, 1865, at a London reception, that he chanced to hear a young girl's voice, vibrant with feeling, exclaim: "Oh, it would have been better if every crowned head in Europe had been shot, than Lincoln!" The blind listener's instant reading of the speaker's character was unerring. The two found themselves in perfect sympathy, both in their common admiration for the martyred President and in other matters of more

lasting importance to a young couple contemplating matrimony; and it would be difficult to find record of a happier marriage.

Mr. Hawkes appears to have been equally fortunate in his blind choice of a mate. He says of himself: "I am conscious of good and evil in people to a remarkable degree. Goodness attracts me, and vice repels me much more strongly than it does a seeing person. This sense makes an acute blind person a very good judge of character, even though the face, which is such a good index of character, cannot be seen."

Like all who have courageously endured affliction, these two men show sympathy with misfortune and a love of fair play. Fawcett used to declare that no part of his parliamentary activities gave him so much unalloyed satisfaction in the retrospect as his work for preserving the public commons for the people, to whom they rightfully belonged. He hotly inveighed against a system whereby

> The law locks up the man or woman
> Who steals the goose from off the common,
> But lets the greater villian loose
> Who steals the common from the goose.

What fuel for the flames of righteous wrath would he have found in this country of ours at about this time!

* * * * *

The same spirit shows itself in Mr. Hawkes' fondness for these stirring lines from another pen:

> Be strong!
> Say not, "The days are evil. Who's to blame?"
> And fold thy hands and acquiesce. Oh, shame!
> Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
>
> Be strong!
> It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
> How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
> Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

Finally, in both Fawcett and Hawkes we meet with striking confirmation of Helen Keller's assertion that "to be blind is to see the bright side of life." The same thought, humorously expressed, occurs in the epitaph jestingly composed by Mrs. Fawcett for her blind husband while he was still very much alive and enjoying life:

"Here lies the man who found every soup delicious and every woman charming."

Chapter XVII

SO LONG, WILL

A Tribute to Will Rogers

There is a wound in the breast of Mother Earth, out in a silent cemetery in Glendale, and all the world is sad. It is where the friendly earth took to her bosom, Will Rogers, and now holds him in dreamless sleep. Down in his low green tent, the humanity-loving, sympathetic heart of the cowboy philosopher and humorist is at rest. It is very still in that city of the dead, with its long green streets and stately stones. Time, and the hurly-burly of human strife are forgotten in this present abode of our friend. I say friend, because he was a friend to all, rich and poor, high and low found a place in his great heart.

When will we ever see his like again? This man who kidded Kings and Presidents and got away with it. To him there was no aristocracy, except the aristocracy of soul. Some men might be bigger than others, but were they better? That was the question.

Never again will we hear that salvo of applause from the Los Angeles studio, and Will's chuckling acknowledgment, and his homely, "Thank you, Friends, thank you, much obliged." Then he would lift the load of anxiety from our hearts with his spontaneous humor and prick a good many windbags before the broadcast was over.

There was no problem he could not illuminate with his homely philosophy. No cloud so dark he could not find a silver lining. He once said, "I never met a man I did not like." That was because he tried

to see in his fellow men the same good qualities he expressed in his own glad life.

It is a far cry from that silent Glendale cemetery, to the Oklahoma plains, where the cowboy rode his favorite bronc; helped in the round-up. Yet even there were silent hours when the lone cowboy rode around the restless herd. How different was the stampede at night when the herd was frenzied by a thunder storm, and the cowboy rode desperately beside the terrified steers, trying to stem their wild rush. Such life called for a stout heart, and that was where Will Rogers got his first lessons in endurance and fearlessness.

There was something akin to the lonely grave at Glendale, in being alone on the vast prairies under the night sky, with the wind and stars for company.

His was a full life. There were few spots on the earth that he had not visited, and few celebrities he had not met. Nearly all the great men and women of his time called him friend. At every hearthside in the land he came Sunday night with his message of cheer and good-will. Now he has gone, and we must carry on without him.

But his gift to humanity, his humor, his common-sense, live on, and they will go on down the centuries to cheer unborn generations. The children of today will be better citizens tomorrow because of Will Rogers' rich legacy to humanity. Like an Abou Ben Adhem, he loved his fellow men.

So long, Will, we'll be seeing you on the great range at the last round-up. In that country where there are no cattle rustlers nor horse thieves, and where the only brand that counts is that name which each man has written in his forehead.

Chapter XVIII

CALVIN COOLIDGE AT THE BRIDGE

Written for October 12, 1939

Never since our forefathers first set foot on this continent have we had such crying need for Calvin Coolidge and all he stood for as we do today. His spirit seems to be with us here at the bridge we dedicate to him.

In the words of a heroic old Roman he exclaims, "I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee." Or in the words of a modern American hero he cries, "Don't give up the ship—our grand and glorious Ship of State. Keep her to the course, the course that Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln chartered for her in the past. It served us well then, and it will serve equally well now. There is no swerving from the course of rectitude and right, which in the last analysis is the course of righteousness."

There are no short cuts to our goal. No easy ways to obtain permanent things. We earn our bread and our place in the sun by the sweat of our brow. There is no other way.

Do not listen to the voices of Moscow, or Berlin, or Rome. They are but siren songs, which would lure us on the rocks, and then gloat over the wreck of our glorious Ship of State. Keep to the course which time and experience have proved safe. It is really the only sane way.

We have devalued the dollar, on which is stamped "In God We Trust." Let us not devalue the standards of human life.

Personal initiative stands at the crossroads, uncertain and afraid of just what a paternal government may do next. Will it swerve to the left and do our planning and working for us, or will it leave us to work out our own salvation and thus achieve a glorious self-reliance and independence. Or will it wash our faces and put us to bed, like tired children? God forbid.

We have already departed far from the days of the pioneers, who felled the primeval forest and built their log cabins. Even from the days of the covered wagon we now recoil. I do not think those grilling days ever hurt us as a nation. They did us good. They strengthened our muscles and strengthened our hearts. They made us masters of our fate and captains of our souls. It is not for us to shun the struggle with today's problems. It is for us to face them and to beat them, just as our forebears would have done.

It is the heritage of America and the other democracies to keep alive the divine fire of patriotism. England and France may fail in this task. But I pray God they will not. But if this catastrophe should come, it is up to us to keep alive this divine spark, lest human liberty vanish from the earth. It is up to us to hold aloft the torch of liberty and protect its sacred beams. Next to Christ, it is the Light of the World.

We are equal to such a task, and such a sacred destiny. We have not been rocked in the cradle of luxury and indolence. We have carved out our nation's history with our hands and our minds. We can take up the burden of the race, if need be, to keep this a white man's civilization, and a white man's world.

The memory of such men as Calvin Coolidge will aid us. Stern, uncompromising Puritan that he was, he stands by our side today, saying, "Don't give up your human initiative. Don't give up your own human lives, but live them to the full for yourselves. You alone can solve your knotty problems. You alone are the State."

The God of our Fathers has watched over us in the past and He will be with us today. So in the spirit of the man whose memory we honor today, let us go forward, determined, by the help of Almighty God, to write a new and better chapter in the history of our country, a chapter that will bring prosperity and happiness to our descendants, and one that would be an honor to the men who founded this nation.

With God's help we can do it.

Mr. Coolidge's friends write:

Your kind letter enclosing the article which you wrote, *Calvin Coolidge at the Bridge* arrived just as I was leaving Northampton to come to this mountain top in North Carolina and I brought it along to acknowledge from here.

I am delighted to have this article for my collection and I appreciate all that you said.

Grace Coolidge (Mrs. Calvin Coolidge)

Your piece on *Calvin Coolidge at the Bridge* is admirable. I have read it this morning with interest and appreciation and I am sending it to Miss Hitchcock to be filed in the archives of Amherst College under Mr. Coolidge's name.

With warm good wishes, I am, Cordially yours,

Stanley King (President of Amherst)

It was very good indeed of you to let me read your tribute to Calvin Coolidge as published in the press of Oct. 12, which I have done with great interest. I often wish we had another Coolidge to guide the nation through these perilous times. With renewed appreciation and with the best of good wishes.

HON. ALLEN T. TREADWAY.

A story of my life, without a reference to Bruce Barton's article, which appeared in the *American Magazine* for July 1926, would be incomplete. Mr. Barton and I had enjoyed several friendly visits at Amherst College before he wrote the article. I always saw him at the commencement dinner, or at the ball game that followed.

This article is such a dramatic and compelling account of my life up to 1926 that I am including it in this book. It brought me a deluge of letters, and made me many friends. I have appended to the article eight of these letters that the reader may see how deeply the public was moved.

Chapter XIX

BRUCE BARTON'S ARTICLE

"God Took Away My Eyes That My Soul Might See"

From *The American Magazine.* By Permission of the Crowell Publishing Co.

Up in the quaint old town of Hadley, Massachusetts—that town with the street so wide that the cars used to stop on each side of it while the conductor shouted, "East side of West Street," and then "West Side of West Street"—up there in a neat little house which overlooks the Connecticut River, Clarence Hawkes has his home.

He does not see the river which winds away toward the ocean; but he has made millions of other people see it. He does not see the birds which hold their national conventions in the trees about his house; but his bird calendar, which he starts with the coming of the first robin in the spring, contains the names of more than eighty different varieties before the season is over, and the dates of their arrivals. For more than forty years he has not seen a squirrel, or a dog, or a chipmunk, or any of the thousand friendly things that run or creep or flit through the woods. But the children of the United States have seen them all through his unseeing eyes, and learned to love them. In the years when the "Nature Fakers" were incurring the Jove-like wrath of Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Hawkes's own books on nature not only passed uncensored, but he, out of his blindness, also was

able to correct Roosevelt and win from him an admission of error.

In his chosen field of Nature writing he has succeeded, *not* because people have said, "Isn't it wonderful that a blind man can do so well!" but because the readers of his books have found them so true and stirring that they have never even suspected that the man who wrote them is blind.

That is the crowning glory of Hawkes, it seems to me—that, even while he is telling you about his blindness, you almost forget he cannot see.

He told me his story one spring evening after a baseball game. It was a very lovely evening. The breeze moved in and out among the trees noiselessly, like a well-trained servant, and the woods and the hills and the river were silent, as though they heard and respected his voice.

Here is his story, in his own words:

I was born on a little farm in Goshen, Massachusetts, in December, 1869.

My father was never very strong after he came back from the war, so that even as a little chap I had plenty of exercise with the shovel and rake and hoe. Money was scarce; but our few pleasures were all the sweeter because so simple and so few.

Certainly no boy ever got a bigger thrill out of anything than I did from my occasional visits to my grandmother. Her farm was in a neighboring town, and, while it was not much bigger than ours, it seemed ever so much more wonderful, because she made it so. It was she who taught me first to love the woods and fields, to watch the habits of the wild things, to *feel* the gladness of the sunshine and to be thrilled by the play of the wind on water.

The new Perkins Institute at Watertown, Mass.

If there is, as I believe, some divine plan for every life, then surely God must have taken special care to give me a grandmother who could help my childish eyes to paint such unforgettable pictures on the walls of memory. For there were only a few brief years in which to paint, and the pictures have had to last me ever since.

She went away when I was eight years old. I can remember so vividly the simple front parlor, filled with kindly neighbors in their Sunday clothes. I sat on an old-fashioned ottoman in a far corner and looked across the room at my mother, who pushed back the tears to throw a reassuring smile at the little boy whose legs could not quite reach the floor.

The minister was tall and grave; but his voice was gentle as he said, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and told us that Grandmother was even then walking through the big rooms that had been prepared for her. I wanted terribly to cry, but I could not, for only the women were crying, not the men, and I was a man. I tried to think of my grandmother up there in her brand-new mansion, and I wondered whether there were trees around it, and a lake, and whether she would still come out on the porch after breakfast and feed the squirrels and the birds.

Nature heals the wounds of young spirits quickly, and the next year of my life was very happy. I chased through the woods with other farm boys, swam on warm afternoons, and sometimes ran the whole way to school. The path cut across a rough cow pasture, and one evening, as I jumped down from the stone wall which I had climbed a thousand times, I felt a sharp pain in my ankle, which sent me home limping.

For several days it seemed a sprained ankle—nothing to bother a doctor about in a household where doctors' fees were not to be lightly incurred.

Then, one night, a severe inflammation set in, and the doctor was summoned hastily. In spite of all his effort the leg got steadily worse. A surgeon was called from another town, and there was a long consultation. I could not hear what they said; but there was that low, strained note in their voices that is so terrifying to little folks. After a while my mother came and took my hand in hers, and said that the doctors were going to cut a bone out of my foot, and after that perhaps I should be better. I must be a brave boy and bear the operation like a little man, she said. And I promised.

I shall never forget how the doctors looked with their knives and saws and needles and their shoemaker's thread. Nor how cool and fresh the June breeze seemed, nor how deep the blue of the sky as I lay on my couch at the window looking at it and watching the clouds that were white and fleecy like cotton batting. There was a clover scent in the breeze that was very soothing, and it seemed to me almost as if it would lift me up and carry me gently out of the window, and away to my grandmother in her mansion, where there were no sprained ankles, and little boys could run free all day without the fear of pain.

Presently they put a paper cap over my face, with a napkin soaked in ether, and I slept. I could not sleep very soundly, because my heart was weak from the long suffering, and they did not dare to give me much ether. So, midway in the operation, and before they even suspected that I was awake, I lifted myself

up on my elbow to see what was going on. Gently they pushed me back and again covered my face with the cap, but not in time. I had seen too much. I was sick to my heart's core, for they had tricked me. My own mother had tricked me, lied to me! It wasn't a bone they had taken out of my foot; they had cut away the left leg just below the knee, and the maimed and tortured little stump bled piteously.

No one needed any more to urge me to "lie still." A limp and hopeless little heap, I slumped under the covers and lay there for days that dragged wearily into weeks. Only one piece of good news came to me in that bitter time: my mother had not lied! It had been the plan of the surgeon to take out a single little bone, as she had said; but when they cut into the flesh they found the poisoning so much worse that amputation was the only cure. This was a little prop to my faith; but there is small comfort in anything to a little boy who lies helpless on his couch by the window and hears the shouts of the other boys as they go racing by.

Again, however, Nature began her gentle, mysterious work of healing. A wonderful Jacquemmot rose grew up outside the window and peeped in to see how it fared with the little sick boy. Often I went to sleep with my hand gripped around it, and dreamed that the fields and the streams would again be mine. A little breeze brought me the fragrant tidings that wild strawberries were ripening in the orchard, and that in its wanderings it had visited the pasture and stolen a hint of spruce and balsam to sweeten its breath.

There came a day in September when they lifted my couch onto a wagon and took me over to the

other farm, where my grandfather lived alone. I made more rapid recovery from that day, and a few weeks later I was about on crutches, which soon gave way to a peg leg. It was amazing how quickly I grew used to it. There were some things, of course, that I could never do again. I must stand on the side lines and cheer, while another boy made the home run that I could have made.

But part of the strength and cunning of the leg seemed to find another outlet in my arms. I could pitch a ball more cleverly than any other boy in school, so that I still played, though they had to field my position for me and run out my hits. I could take care of myself in any rumpus in the yard and, cut off from part of the play, I found added pleasure in books. I could still drive a team of horses. I could fish and hunt. Life was yet very sweet in those three years between the ages of ten and thirteen. What sort of a life would it have been, I often wonder; what sort of work should I have done in the world, and would it have been more or less useful, if on August 12th, 1882, I had stayed at home?

Every moment of that fateful day is burned deep into my memory. The air was sultry, and the cicadas were already singing as I went out to the barn to feed the horses. It would be a hot day if they were true prophets. I was quite excited, for Father and I were going to hunt, and it was to be my first real chance to use the new shotgun that he had given me only a couple of weeks before. About eight o'clock I brought the team around to the front door, and we started off along the fragrant country road. An hour later Mother left us and drove on into town, promising to pick us up late in the afternoon.

The hunting ground was a fringe of alders and willows that skirted a little trout stream. The late blueberries and early blackberries were both on the bushes, and several times we stopped to eat. The ground was boggy, the August sun beat down fiercely on our heads; we were really tormented with thirst, but the water was not safe to drink. Presently my game leg tired out, and I told Father that I must rest.

"All right," he said, and pointed to a nearby tree. I settled down gratefully, while he and the dog pushed on. Presently the stillness was broken by the sharp, quick whirr of a woodcock's wings, and I turned my face just in time to see the bird skimming the bushes which lay between me and the spot where my father had disappeared.

All day long I had been in the grip of something very like an evil premonition. A strong-nerved boy, accustomed to hunting from my earliest childhood, I had caught myself this day shivering at every discharge of a gun. Such weakness made me furious, but I attributed it to the sun and my general fatigue. Now, however, the sense of impending disaster was too strong to be dismissed. I wanted to cry out, to run and hide, and yet I could neither move nor open my lips.

I sat there like a statue, my face turned full in the direction which the bird had taken—sat there for what seemed hours, though it could have been hardly more than a few seconds—until there came the report of my father's gun. I heard the noise; I felt a blow as from a blast of wind that thrust me back against the tree, and instantly there came a feeling of a hundred red-hot augers boring into my hands and face

and breast, and down my chin some strange fluid trickled.

There was just strength enough left in me to cry to my father. I heard his answering cry, was dimly conscious that he had carried me down to the edge of the brook and was bathing my face with the cool water, that he was calling me back to the land of the living, and that I did not want to come.

There we were, in the heart of an ash swamp, two miles from the highway, and I with thirty number ten bird shot in me, each throbbing like a dagger wound. I could stand the pain in my arms and chest, though two of my fingers were broken; but the horrible thing—the thing that made me wish that the wounds had been fatal—was that three shot were sticking in my right eye and one in my left, and that, as far as I knew, I was totally blind.

How we made our staggering way back to the road I can best leave to your imagination. My father half carried, half dragged me, imploring me not to faint, for it would have meant death there in the woods. My arms and face swelled terribly, fever mounted higher, and every few rods I had to stop, while he went to the brook and came back with more water to coax me back to life. At length, panting and nearly delirious with pain, we came to the edge of the wood. And there, a few minutes later, my mother found us, and took my head in her lap, while Father guided the horses on their mournful journey home.

For six weeks I lay in bed while ice-cold cloths were laid over my eyes and changed every fifteen minutes. Even with their cooling touch, the pain was fearful, a peculiar zigzagging pain that shot

through to the very depths of the brain. One day the doctor would talk hopefully, the next less so, though I suspect that they feared the worst from the start.

At the end of the sixth week I had a crumb of comfort in the fact that I still could see a little. But this comfort was short-lived. Each morning the fog wall seemed to draw a little closer around me; each morning I was compelled to go one step farther down the stairs in order to make out the pattern on the colored curtain at the bottom. Finally, I counted the remaining steps, calculating that in two weeks I would be totally blind. And in two weeks precisely it happened.

When it was considered safe for me to be outdoors my little sister acted as a guide, and I began awkwardly to learn all over again the familiar paths amid the sounds and smells that were so full of memories. During my days of convalescence, there had been plenty of chance to think; and I had made a firm resolve inside my boyish soul that this blow should not break me. Blind though I might be, I would not become an embittered invalid. I would lift myself back into cheerfulness by my own boot straps; by the hardest kind of self-discipline I would win out. I started in immediately with desperate courage. I sawed wood and husked corn, tasks that even a blind boy could do fairly well.

Feeling that I must find some other source of comfort than mere work, I set myself, under my mother's guidance, to learn the organ, and, while neither my ear nor my touch was particularly good, I did manage before the winter was over to master some of the more familiar gospel hymns. In my darkest hours, I

had sometimes a strange mystical sense of unseen companionship. It seemed as if I could feel the presence of my grandmother, could almost hear the brave, cheerful accents of her voice. I turned to the Bible for strength, and my grandfather read it to me in the evenings for hours at a time.

I was fighting hard, and perhaps you think I won the fight. But I didn't. It was too much. A boy's spirit, however dauntless, simply could not raise itself out of so deep a chasm. Long before the winter had ended I was in the depths of despair, sitting in a corner, hour after hour, my face in my hands, my spirit crushed with the knowledge that I must always be useless, a dead weight upon the charity of others, a being without value or hope.

It was in such a mood that the friendly doctor found me one afternoon and suggested to my parents that the specialists of Boston might perhaps be able to do something. We leaped eagerly at the chance, and when spring came we packed our simple belongings and boarded the train for that city.

I do not like to dwell on the memory of the next two years, and yet a brief reference to it is necessary if you want to hear all my story. The specialists told my parents it was hardly worth while to operate, as the chance of improvement was not more than one in a hundred. We talked it all over, and decided to grasp at even that single straw.

The operation would be a frightful test of nerve. There could be no anesthetic, for the object of the operation was to torture the eye so deeply that it might, in a sort of frenzied self-defense, put forth new powers.

"Do you think you can stand it?" the kindly old surgeon asked.

"If you'll give me back my sight you can skin me alive," I answered.

"Good stuff, sonny," he said, and gave me a reassuring slap on the back.

They strapped me to a table, put a rubber blanket under my head and tied my hands. Then there was brought into play a fiendish little machine which gripped the eye at every point where the muscles control it.

"Now is the critical time," the surgeon said. "If you ever want to see again, don't let your eye stir a hundredth part of an inch. It depends upon you even more than on me."

Stir the eye. How could I stir the eye? How could I do anything but lie there and wait? You know how much it hurts to get a bit of dust or a cinder under the eyelid. Imagine then a sharp lancet thrust slowly into the very center of the eyeball, down, and down, until it seemed as if it must have reached the center of the brain. Imagine then a pair of tweezers inserted into that hole, to draw forth the coagulated lymph. Imagine the process repeated again and again, while the tears ran down my cheeks like rain, until finally flesh and blood could stand it no longer? My senses reeled; I was on the point of fainting when the horrid work was interrupted, a cooling bandage was placed over the eye, and I was told that there was nothing more *for that day.*

For two months I stayed at home, gradually building up my strength. Then back to the hospital to go through the same ordeal. This schedule continued for two years. An hour of hellish torture, two months of recuperation; back to the torture again.

Then there came a day when the surgeon threw up his hands.

"No use to try any more," he said. "There is no hope. The boy will never see."

I heard the words with mingled feelings. There was a great surge of joy that I should never again lie on that hard table and feel the slow, killing pain of the lancet and tweezers. But the sense of relief was made bitter by the knowledge that the door had been finally closed upon me. Outside was the world of hope and sunshine; but my place was forever inside, in the dark.

"There is one thing you might do," the surgeon said as we were leaving the infirmary. "Send him to Perkins Institute."

The words meant nothing to me. I did not know what Perkins Institute was; I did not care.

When, in the following spring, and after a winter of bitter hopelessness, they took me back to Boston I did not feel even a glimmer of curiosity or interest. We rode on a street car to the suburb where the institute is located, made our way up the long walk and the high stone steps and through the big front door.

Instantly I encountered a surprise. I had imagined some sort of an asylum, with silent rooms and padded corridors, where nurses went whispering to one another, and the boys and girls spent shadowed hours in the hopeless struggle to learn. Not at all. The place was throbbing with hustle and bustle. Boys and girls ran through the halls and up the stairs at a pace that fairly took my breath away. All about me were voices filled with the joy of life.

"Hello, Tom."

"Hello, Bob."

"How was your vacation?"

"Fine. I was on a farm. Talk about swimming. Say, boy, we had the finest old swimming-hole in the world."

"I'll bet you didn't have any more fun than I did. My grandfather has seven horses, and I rode all over the farm."

I could hardly believe that I was in a house of darkness, that the owners of these happy voices were, like myself, locked up forever from the sun. One of them took me in charge and conducted me around the building. He led me to a book made for the blind, and let me run my fingers over the raised letters. They felt like nothing more than a rough board to me, and my spirits sank. He showed me a type slate for doing arithmetic and algebra, with different characters on either end of the type. This seemed even more hopeless, and when, a few minutes later, the old neighbor who had brought me down from the country took his departure, I felt utterly crushed and abandoned. But my conductor had yet one more object of interest to display. He led me into a classroom and up to the blackboard.

"Here's a map of the United States," he said cheerfully. "Run your fingers over it."

I did so, but it gave back no meaning. Just a lot of pieces of half-inch board, sawed out to represent the various states and put together in a frame like a Chinese puzzle. I was sure that such crude toys would never have any significance in my life. Other boys, smarter boys, might master them, but I was a dull, hopeless lad from the country and there was nothing ahead for me.

Filled with these dark thoughts, I let my hand stray over the map, down the Atlantic coast, down

to Florida and over into the sea. And suddenly a miracle occurred. What the feeling of Columbus may have been when, after the months of hardship and uncertainty, he looked out from the bridge and caught his first glimpse of the new world, I can only imagine. But I shall never forget my own feelings as my hand closed over the rough hump out there in the ocean whose outlines even my untrained fingers could recognize. I had discovered Cuba! For the first time I had *seen* something with my fingers. It was the turning point. Out of the night of darkness I had found a pathway to hope.

My progress was rapid. Having been so long idle, I rejoiced in having work to do. I mastered the Braille quickly, and improved my music. As time went on, I found my love of literature growing wider and deeper. My mother encouraged it during the vacation periods, and together we read first the English and then the Italian poets. Soon I acquired the reputation at the institute of being the literary student, and I was elected editor of the little paper which was published in Braille for the students, and typewritten for the edification of the teachers.

My mother encouraged me to write verses of my own and stories, and when one day an envelope was handed me from the editor of a magazine, and I tore it open to find a check for five dollars, my cup of joy overflowed.

I had earned money! Blind as I was, shut off from the sun, I had nevertheless found the first step toward independence. Perhaps I could support myself, after all. I might even win fame and fortune. Who could tell? For days I went about in a halo of glory, and my zest for work was increased a hundred-fold.

I graduated at the end of four years and was valedictorian of the class. The institute was a home of God to me, and the teachers were saints from heaven. I can never fully express my gratitude to them. They have remained my friends, and so has Helen Keller, who used to visit us there. She was the heroine of all of us, because her affliction was so much greater than ours. We were without eyes; but she could neither see nor hear nor speak. Yet she had won her battle. I have had many letters from Helen Keller, and over and over again she refers to this little verse of mine which she says has been her inspiration for years:

Even the little waves that idly dance
Against the cliff will crumble it to sand;
And so, with ceaseless toil, the lightest hand
May wear away the walls of circumstance.

But of all the poems I have written, *The Mountain to the Pine* is perhaps the most famous, having been translated into many languages and given a permanent place in several anthologies:

THE MOUNTAIN TO THE PINE

Thou tall majestic monarch of the Wood,
That standest where no wild vine dares to creep,
Men call thee old, and say that thou hast stood
A century upon my rugged steep.
Yet unto me, thy life is but a day,
When I recall the things that I have seen:
The forest monarchs that have passed away
Upon the spot where first I saw thy green.

For I am older than the age of man,
Of all the living things that crawl or creep,
Or birds of air, or creatures of the deep;
I was the first dim outline of God's plan;
Only the waters of the restless sea,
And the infinite stars in heaven, are old to me.

My parents had the thought that I might find an opening in law, and for some months I studied elocution and worked away at law books and around the courts. But the call of literature was stronger. With a book in my hand or my fingers on the keyboard of the typewriter I was happy. Here was my pathway, and I determined to follow it, rough and discouraging though it might be. Of all things in the world I loved poetry most. Again and again I turned back to it when hours were dark and my spirits broken, and it never failed to speak in accents of new hope. Loving it thus, and writing some verse almost every day, it was natural that my first attempt at making a livelihood should be through the preparation and delivery of a lecture on the American poets. My family had moved to Hadley, where I have made my home ever since; and I determined to lecture in the surrounding towns. There was some public curiosity, of course, in a lecture by a blind boy, and the newspapers in Springfield gave very kindly notices, which raised my hopes.

Believe me, I needed all the hope I could get. To meet my first lecture engagement I drove ten miles in an open carriage in one of the worst sleet and rain storms that I have ever experienced, only to find that the hall was closed and the lecture postponed. For my second date I drove eight miles in a blinding

snowstorm to find thirteen people waiting for me. I received a dollar and sixty-five cents for this lecture, and spent five dollars for advertising and team hire, the kind-hearted janitor having taken pity on me and given the hall for nothing.

A pretty poor start; but when you have laid yourself down on a board six times to have a lancet run into your eyeball, when you have struggled through the hard course of training for the blind, teaching your fingers to do the work of eyes, you are not easily discouraged. I continued to make engagements, and gradually the audiences increased, and the pay likewise. I wrote poems incessantly.

Few American poets, I imagine, have had so many poems rejected as I, and very few have sold more poems at profitable prices. I early schooled myself never to allow any rejection to discourage me. It was my rule that a returned manuscript should not lie overnight on my desk. When it went forth on its first trip, I had already planned where it should go next, and immediately on its return I whisked it into another envelope and started it forth again.

It is a hard game even for writers blessed with all their faculties, but it has many compensations. The writer builds up for himself the splendor of a nation-wide friendship. And, though the rejections are disheartening, the joy of an acceptance is akin to the thrill which the miner experiences when he turns over the sand at the bottom of the stream and sees a nugget of glistening gold. Little by little, my lecturing became more profitable, and my poems and tales found a wider market. There came a time in 1895 when I decided that I had poems enough to make a book.

Hopefully I wrote to one publisher after another, and always the answer was the same. They would like to help me, but they could not. Nobody would buy a book of poems; to publish one was certain loss. Apparently, I had no chance but to publish it myself, and this I decided to do. I sent out several hundred circulars to friends in all parts of the country and secured a hundred and fifty advance orders, just half enough to guarantee the expenses of publishing. Then, with a horse and a boy to drive, I started forth among the little towns and farms in the vicinity of Hadley to find another hundred and fifty people who would take a chance on a book of verse.

It was a blistering day in August when the search began, and I worked from dawn to dark, interviewing scores of people and presenting my wares. The first boy lasted just four days, and then went whimpering home, saying he would rather saw wood or dig potatoes in the sun than rush up and down the country in that fashion. During the succeeding ten days I wore out four other boys; but at the end I conquered. I had my needed hundred and fifty subscribers, and publication was assured.

If there are any readers of *The American Magazine* who remember that modest little volume, *Pebbles and Shells*, and if, perhaps, they were among the friends who helped to give it such a remarkable success, I send to them a word of grateful thanks. The notices which the reviewers gave it were really wonderful, and the sale outran anything that I had dared to hope. After years of struggle through the dark, I had a taste of success. I began to believe in the possibilities of independence and to dream great dreams for the future.

The first and best of all my dreams came true when I married Miss Bessie W. Bell, a talented Hadley girl who had taken a keen interest in my work and had illustrated some of my verses. What she has meant in my life, I need not try to say. Without her, the work of the succeeding years would have been impossible, and the achievement, such as it is, would have been much less than half as sweet.

My mother lived long enough to see that little book, and to know that some of the hopes which she had helped her boy to hold up before his sightless eyes were coming true. When she passed on in 1899, I wrote the verses *Tired Hands* which have gone around the world and been read by hundreds of clergymen at the funerals of devoted women.

I found my desire to write poetry less keen after her passing, for she had been the mainspring and inspiration of my verse, and my heart was heavy. But little time was given to mourning. The day before she died, I lectured to raise the money for the doctor's bill, and two days afterward I lectured again to help meet the expenses of the funeral. Life presses its demands upon us hard, and perhaps it is better so.

Happily for me a new interest came into my life. Quite by chance it came, but its coming revealed to me at last my real work and, I reverently believe, the reason why God closed my eyes. I had brought home with me at the end of the summer a collie pup, Master Frisky. His good nature and affectionate loyalty endeared him to the whole household and drew the children of the neighborhood to our front door. I fell into the habit of gathering these youngsters around me and telling them stories of humorous adventures in which Master Frisky was the hero.

The audiences grew, the stories became longer and apparently more gripping, and one day somebody exclaimed:

"Why don't you write Master Frisky's adventures, so that other children may share them?"

I set to work immediately, and the book which followed was both a literary and a financial success. At once there came demands from everywhere for more stories, and I followed with a series of animal biographies: *Pep*, *Dapples of the Circus*, *Silversheen*, *Palomine*, and many others, until now there are more than thirty titles to my credit. I consider *Silversheen* and *Palomine* my two best books. The number of my boy and girl friends, as measured by the sale of the books, mounts into the hundreds of thousands.

"How have you managed to do it?" people ask. "How can you, a blind man, describe nature and the animals so faithfully that your books are real and alive?"

The answer is, as in the case of every man who has achieved anything worthwhile, partly hard work. When I set out to deal with a particular country, or the life and habits of an animal, I make a lot of trouble for the libraries in this part of the country.

I come home with literally a carload of books and maps, and these I devour, with the help of my assistants, until I can see and feel that country, until I know every view, every stream, every mountain, the trees, the animals, and the birds. Then, and then only, do I begin to write. But the writing would be merely a commonplace catalogue of description if I could not bring to it two other ingredients: One of them is a love of nature so keen and passionate

that most people who have their eyes can hardly appreciate its intensity. I love the out-of-doors. I fish. I tramp. I hear sounds and smell fragrant odors that are lost to the casual traveler through the fields and woods. What I hear and smell and feel, I put into my books. *And also what I have seen*; for this is the second ingredient.

I live in a dark room, but it is a room that for thirteen years was lighted by the summer sun and the stars and the moon. Its walls are hung with unforgettable pictures, whose colors are brighter and whose outlines are clearer than any pictures that live in the spirits of ordinary folks. I have only to flash on the lights of memory to describe what I see; the descriptions are vivid enough, so that thousands who have eyes to see, but have not seen, read and say, "What wonderful things the woods and fields contain. We must look for them when we go out again."

I have had my moments of great happiness. Three universities have honored me with degrees. Famous men and women have made long journeys to visit me, and little children come from the schools in nearby villages on an annual pilgrimage. To say that there are no dark, depressing hours would be an untruth which would deceive nobody. There are many of them, and they are bitter. But I am glad I live. And when, at the request of the French Government, my autobiography, *Hitting the Dark Trail*, was translated into French in order that it might be set in Braille and distributed to the blind soldiers of the republic; and when, from a thousand parts of the country, little children write me letters—in such moments I bow my soul in reverence and thank God, "who took away my eyes that my soul might see."

I, who have here written down his words, said that Clarence Hawkes told me his story after a ball game. He misses few football, basketball, or baseball games; the students of the two colleges near his home hardly feel that the season is properly inaugurated unless he is present at the opening. And it is a great experience to sit beside him in the bleachers. By the thud of the ball in the catcher's mitt he knows, before the umpire calls it, whether it was a straight ball, a curve or a drop. He can tell in which direction the hit ball has flown, and whether along the ground or into the air. He seems actually to see the man speeding from base to base, and, indeed, so keen is his knowledge of every move, so vivid his interest, that few of those who sit around him have any idea that there is no sight behind his heavy glasses. He cheers as loudly as any fan; his joy is as high as that of the undergraduates when the home team wins success. And if he is not plunged, like them, into the depths of gloom by defeat, it is because he long ago tore out of his dictionary the page whereon the word "defeat" was printed.

Letters received in response to Bruce Barton's article:

If you will excuse a stranger writing you—I want to say, that I *do* thank a Good God, that such a man as you lives, and that after years of trial and severe tests your faith is firm, your example the most profound I know. I've just finished reading Mr. Barton's article in the *American Magazine*, July, the story of your life—anything Mr. Barton writes attracts me. My two sons having so many of your books called my notice to read the article—and now, after moments of reflection with a heart full of gratitude, I

want to send you a simple note of "thanks"—thanks for your faith, for the marvelous example you have set for all ages, for all time—I, too, have had affliction, the hip joint disease, since Christmas 1908—with quite a lameness, so I can, in a small measure, know something of what you have suffered. And I wish every human being in this beautiful world of ours could read this article, so there would never in their lives be a word of complaint at God's altar (being an intense Catholic). I shall pray for you always and offer thanks that such a man as you lives.

Sincerely,
Constance James, Austin, Texas.

The story of your life in July issue of *American* is most interesting. Indeed it has so fascinated me that I had to read it over three times in order to satisfy myself. I do not know of any better illustration of the truth that difficulties are the dynamics of progress. I have recently come to this country from Ireland via Canada and the article referred to is my first introduction to you or your work. If some one at your home would send me a list of your books I should esteem it a favor, with a hint as to your own favorites among your creations. God bless you and spare you long to work and witness for Him.
Thomas Davidson, Holland, Michigan.

I have just completed reading the article in the *American Magazine* written by Bruce Barton of you. It is entitled *God Took Away My Eyes that My Soul Might See.* I was overwhelmed by the article and although I am not a personal friend of yours, I wish

that I was. I thought that a few lines of comfort might help you and encourage your pathway of Life, so I am writing to you for that sole purpose. Not long ago I read a little verse that said "the best way out of difficulty is through it." I am sure that you have found that to be true. God often brings afflictions upon us to draw us closer to Him. I often wonder what we human beings would really be like, if we never had any conflicts, discouragements, or afflictions. I am sure also that you have learned to love God and all His wonderful creations better than most of us. Sometimes we are rather careless and unappreciative of God's wonderful gifts. But, I am certain that although you have been shut off from the World's sun you have been given the opportunity of knowing "The light of the World"—Jesus Christ. There are many who do not know Him. Many times we think our fate has been the worst, but when we stop and count over our blessings, we learn that we have been abundantly blessed. My prayer is, May God bless you abundantly in the years to come.

EDITH R. MYERS, Cannelton, Indiana.

I have just finished reading Bruce Barton's article entitled *God Took Away My Eyes that My Soul Might See*, in the July number of the *American Magazine*. Your story touched me greatly and I rejoice in your great success as a naturalist, writer, and a man who, by sheer determination "comes out on top." Your story dares me to hope that there may be some possibility for my blind uncle who, much like you, lost his eyes and both his hands in a powder blast four years ago. "Strongly built and athletic," of splendid physique, he was suddenly plunged into

darkness at the age of 52. Life holds little for him now but his strong sense of humor continues to endure and, like you, he is thankful that his eyes have not always been sightless. Hoping that your ability will long continue to give to the world poems like *Tired Hands*, I am

Very Truly,
Mollie Lenz, Fairwater, Wisconsin.

Doubtless you have already had many letters with regard to the article which appeared in the July issue of *The American Magazine*, by Bruce Barton, giving the story of your life. I have just finished reading the article, and am following an impulse to write you thanking you for the good it has done me. How wonderfully God can use for good even the harsh and heart-breaking experiences of life! A while ago I visited a man who for six years had been unable to walk or even sit up; but who was one of the happiest men I have ever met. At that time he was under thirty years of age. When I left him I said to myself: How can a man who is well after visiting a man like that ever complain again? I had the same feeling after reading the story of your life. It is my purpose to file away the story and when one who is discouraged comes to me, I shall ask him to read that story and then come back and we will talk. Again thanking you, I am

Very sincerely,
Charles C. Guice, Camden, Arkansas.

After reading Bruce Barton's article in the July *American*, entitled *God Took Away My Eyes that My Soul Might See*, I decided to write you and tell you how that article inspired me to make the very most

of my opportunities. What a heroic life you have lived!—and are still living. You may never know just how many lives you have benefited in your own quiet way. I wish I might read more of your poems. Those in the *American* were so beautiful. I am a senior in college. I am preparing to teach English and History. There is such an opportunity for one to teach the building of a life that is worth while in those subjects. I have literary aspirations, too, and I hope that I shall be able to write something some day that will be a great blessing to the readers. God bless you, my friend, and be gracious unto you, and bless you in your work. Even though you are denied the sunlight here, no darkness but that of sin can shut out the Light of the World, and I am sure that that Light is ever present with you.

Very sincerely yours,
Bertha Evelyn Wilson, Milligan College, Tenn.

"May I not intrude just long enough to thank you for the man you are? We certainly admire your poems and often read your dog stories to my two wee sons. In telling my five-year old son the story which I read about you in the *American*, he said, "Oh, Mother, let's write and tell him we are sorry." I told him I was sure you would much rather hear how happy your stories and poems made us. How thankful we all are that we are able to read the lovely things you think to write. Accept this message from a busy mother who depends on Mr. Hawkes for fine clean stories for her children. May God see fit to spare you for many more of them.

Sincerely,
Mrs. F. B. Klein, High Point, N. C."

Thanks for the splendid article in the current issue of *The American Magazine.* Would that it might be read by every being in the entire world. May the good things of Life abide with you, and your beautiful, virtuous influences permeate the entire world toward winning perfect Humanitarianism, Civilization, and Christianity.

Respectfully, Yours for the best,

Webb City, Okla.

Chapter XX

MY COUNTRY

My first becoming conscious of the fact that I lived in a particular country, and that this country belonged to me and I to it, was in 1876. That year I heard a great deal about the Centennial exhibition held at Philadelphia, so I finally asked some questions.

Mother told me our Country was one hundred years old and was having a birthday party. I asked if the country was as old as Grandpa Loomis.

I had visited this venerable man several times. His hair was as white as snow and his face was wrinkled with age. His hands shook so he could scarcely hold anything and he walked feebly with a cane. But there was one thing in his house older than he. That was a grandfather's clock which had belonged to his father. So with Grandfather Loomis as a measuring stick, my mother told me our country was just a little older than Grandfather Loomis, but not as old as his clock.

I wondered what I could do to help celebrate my country's birthday. Since flags were displayed in many cities, that summer I was given a small flag, and marched proudly up and down with it. I could not walk with the flag, but marched. I always associated soldiers with the flag. We all do, more or less. If we could only forget associating soldiers with flags, and associate homes and happy families with it! I also planted a tree as a patriotic duty, and watered it faithfully; but do not remember whether it lived or not.

There was another event in 1876 which awakened me to a sense of politics, or at least I became aware there were politics. One autumn afternoon, my mother and I were watching for my father, who was returning from a neighbor's where he had gone for election news. Presently we saw him coming. He was in a great hurry and was swinging his hat about his head. Finally he threw it into the air and shouted something to mother.

I asked what he had said, and she replied, "A very bad man was trying to get at the head of the country, but a good man has come up and stopped him."

So I waved my hat and shouted. The bad man was Tilden, and the good man was Hayes. Thus I was initiated into the cleavage of political parties—the Republican and the Democrat.

The following year of 1877, I heard my elders talking about hard times and a panic. The one thing about it which impressed me most was the fact that meal went down to ninety cents per hundred. We were farmers, and having the bottom drop out of the price of meal was a colossal tragedy.

The next great event in the history of my country which stirred me profoundly happened in July 1881. Two men from Westfield were coming up to our place in Ashfield for a day's fishing. I drove the horse and buggy to Lythia, where I had gone to school when a lad, to meet the Cummington stage on which the guests were to arrive. The stage stopped in due time, and my two passengers alighted and the stage started up, but the driver shouted back something to us, and the older of the men in the buggy replied, "Yes, we know." I must have looked up inquiringly, for the man said, "I have bad news for you, sonny—our President has been shot."

The reins fell from my hands, and I looked at the man aghast.

"Yes, it is bad business," he said, "but we can't help it."

In an instant the whole landscape seemed to have changed. The brightness had gone out of the sunlight, and the joy and beauty out of the countryside. The President was shot. Some one had struck at our country. It was unbelievable.

Seeing my distress the man said, "Well, sonny, we can't help it. Perhaps he will get well. Anyhow you had better pick up the reins and drive home."

I did as he advised, but I could not get the dreadful news out of my mind. The flag had been assaulted also.

Although we had only a weekly paper, yet I followed the progress of the President's illness feverishly. I read every bulletin, although some of them were a week old. I noted the President's weight each day. I remember one incident that gave the sick room an added pathos. Molly, the President's daughter, went in to see her father one day, and fainted. She afterward married her father's secretary, Mr. Brown. From the first there seemed little hope; and, when President Garfield finally passed away, the whole nation mourned.

The man who took his place, Chester A. Arthur of Vermont, I remember for just one thing; that was, he gave us the two-cent stamp—a very wise move. A two-cent stamp brings the government almost as much revenue as a three, and a stamp is a poor man's bond. It adds to the sociability of the common people and their cheer.

In Massachusetts in 1882, we fell from grace in the

eyes of many people and elected Ben Butler governor, but the following year we sent him back to his law office. In one of his lectures, Russell Conwell tells what in his opinion defeated Ben Butler when he sought a third term. Some ingenious Republican editor wrote a couplet which was a parody on two lines from Maud Muller, and all of the Republican papers in the state ran it on their editorial page until election day. The parody was this:

> Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, we may have Ben.

I was not much interested in the election of 1884, for I had lost my eyesight the year before and spent much of this year under the surgeon's knife undergoing five desperate operations, which left me in deeper darkness than ever. But I do remember the famous clergyman's letter entitled "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." It was written to help Blaine, but it proved a boomerang and helped Cleveland, as did a rain in New York state, which went Democratic by the slightest majority in the history of the state—1200 votes. But I was fascinated by the personality of James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight. He was a brilliant man, much ahead of his time. It was he who in the Harrison administration conceived the first Pan-American Congress, and presided over it. Thus, the idea of all-Americanism which looms so large today had its conception in the mind of Secretary Blaine. I also remember the Blaine marching song:

"Blaine. . .Blaine. . .James G. Blaine. Blaine. . . Blaine. . .James G. Blaine."

In 1885, I went to Perkins Institution in South

Boston to piece together my shattered life, so my political outlook was from the Hub for the next five years.

Near the close of President Cleveland's first term, a Democratic gathering was held in Boston. The theme of President Cleveland's address was ballot reform, and he advocated the Australian ballot system. The principal address of the occasion was given by Henry Grady of Georgia. Grady was then only thirty-two years of age, and he went home and fell ill of pneumonia and died two or three weeks later. His was a brief and brilliant career. The most exciting thing that Mr. Cleveland did in his first term was to send to Congress his celebrated Free Trade message, which started up a furious debate. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Gladstone debated the question in the *North American Review.*

In 1888 I was deeply interested in the election. I listened to all the speeches that I could get read, and discussed the campaign with everyone who would argue with me. At six o'clock, the morning after the election, I went down street and got the first copy of the *Boston Journal* that was sold from the newsstand. I took it up to the chair caning shop at the school, where Captain Wright, the gymnasium teacher, could usually be found.

He looked at the first page of the paper and said, "Well, Hawkes, I guess your man has won. Here is a big red rooster."

I shall never forget the thrill of pride I felt as an ardent New Englander when President Harrison's cabinet was announced the following March, and when I also remembered the brilliant New England senators and representatives who dominated the

government. First of all, there was James G. Blaine of Maine, Secretary of State, and our old beloved ex-Governor John D. Long of Massachusetts as Secretary of the Navy, Redfield Proctor of Vermont, Secretary of War, Thomas B. Reed of Maine was speaker of the house, and Mr. Dingly of Maine, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House, with Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, Chairman of the Corresponding Committee in the Senate, and probably the most powerful man of the Senate. Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut was Chairman of the Committee on Naval affairs, and Orville H. Pratt of the same state, of Army affairs. George Hoar of Massachusetts was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and Henry L. Dawes of Indian affairs. Chandler and Blaire of New Hampshire also held important chairmanships, while Justin S. Morril of Vermont was the father of the Senate and a great authority on the tariff. Horace Gray of Massachusetts was Justice of the Supreme Court.

This was New England's golden age of politics.

My parents, who had lived in Cummington, Massachusetts, while I was attending Perkins Institute, during the year afterward, while I studied oratory and read a little law, moved to Hadley, Massachusetts, in March, 1892. We lived in a large colonial house on West Street. This was the celebrated Hadley street, with the common in the middle, and two roads, and four rows of mighty elms. We were just across the street from the birthplace of Major General Joseph Hooker, who was the most distinguished general from New England during the Civil War. He had attended our local Hopkins Academy and gone directly from there to West Point.

In 1895, the third army corps, which Hooker had commanded in some of his heaviest fighting, descended upon Hadley on May 7 for a reunion and a Hooker celebration. I wrote the poem, *How Fighting Joe Hooker Took Lookout Mountain*, for the occasion. It was afterwards used for Memorial Day exercises, and broadcast. I also wrote a *Reveille Song*, which was set to music and sung by a local glee club and it was used for twenty years afterward at Memorial exercises.

Major General Daniel Sickles, who made his reputation at Gettysburg, and who attracted considerable attention because he had shot Jim Fiske, the financier, during a domestic fuss, was the speaker of the day. He thundered to the audience in a large tent for three hours. I listened for an hour and then heard him for the balance of the speech from my own house.

I was astonished, even at that date, thirty years after the close of the Civil War, to see how many of the soldiers were old and bent by the burden of the years. I was more shocked, however, at Memorial Day exercises in the decades to follow, to see how the Boys in Blue faded away. Hartford, Connecticut, reported this year, of 1939, that there was not a living G. A. R. man left in the city to attend Memorial Day exercises.

Here is a fragment from the last Memorial Day address I gave:

Today the Old Guard, those erstwhile boys in blue, are filing slowly and silently by another mile post, Memorial Day, 1931. Of old they marched with swift and certain tread, but today their steps are slow and feeble, while many ride. These are the

senior heroes of our country and as such they are our first love, to be guarded and cherished for the little time they are with us. Other soldier heroes we have, brave men who risked all for their country, but these old warriors upon whose brows rest the snow of four score years and more, a coronet of white, are our first love.

The little we can do for them is but a modicum when we consider their great gift to us. These were the men who in '61 bared their breasts to the enemies' bullets and risked their lives that the flag we love might remain inviolate and the integrity of our country be maintained.

Now they gaze at the familiar earth scenes with dimming eyes, but with the eye of faith, beyond the sunset ridge they see the hinterland, that country where, thank God, wars and rumors of wars are unknown and the cannon's roar is stilled forever.

Soon these war scarred heroes will strike their life's colors and salute their Great Commander, the Lord of life, soon the reveille will sound for all of them; but before they go hence let us tell them how we love and reverence them and how deeply we appreciate their great sacrifice for home and country. Because they have lived and carried on and passed the torch of liberty to us with undimmed flame, we, too, will pass it down to posterity that the light of liberty here in the western world may shine on forever.

In 1898 I was much stirred by the Spanish American War, and visited the soldiers in the hospitals after they came back. I also wrote a volume of poems in which I sang the praise of our soldiers. It was called *Songs for Columbia's Heroes.*

One Christmas Eve, a year or two later, I was the guest of our Company I in Northampton at the Armory, where I made a short speech, and presented each of the soldiers with a copy of the book I had written in their honor. It was thrilling to get a warm handshake from each soldier present.

In 1901 our country experienced another distressing tragedy in the attempted assassination of President McKinley. Mr. McKinley had visited Northampton, and came several times to Mount Holyoke College where he had a niece, so we felt a special interest in him.

It is a strange coincidence that for the past hundred years, every twenty years a President of our country has died in office. Harrison in the Forties, Lincoln in the Sixties, Garfield in the Eighties, McKinley in 1901, and Harding in 1921. All through the Roosevelt administration, the President had the American people guessing as to what he would do next. He went down in a submarine, up in an airplane, as early as 1908, with Flyer Hicks at St. Louis, hunted lions in the Rockies, and took chances that many of his friends wished he would not. He was the President and belonged to the American people, but this fact did not seem to restrict him.

If during the first three years the World War was a dark shadow across the landscape, after we entered it was a nightmare and a horror. I shall never forget that morning when I went over to the Armory in Northampton to see four companies of the 104th entrain for Camp Beckman at Greenfield. The streets around the Armory were packed, mostly with women, mothers, wives, and sweethearts. Many of them were crying silently, but occasionally a half-

smothered sob was heard. The air was surcharged with misery.

The following week I visited Major Beckman, who was a good friend of mine, at Camp Beckman. We spent the day visiting with the Hadley soldiers, and stayed for the impressive service of lowering the flag at sunset. Later I visited the large encampment at Bartlett. Several regiments were there under General Edwards. Thus the weeks passed until that dramatic day when the 104th paraded in Springfield on their way to France—a long silent file, with arms at rest and eyes upon the ground ten paces ahead. What an ominous sound that steady, tread, tread, tread, thirty-two inches to a step, as steady and relentless as a great machine. That was really what our boys had become, a part of a great fighting machine.

I was chairman of a committee that collected money and saw to it that the boys in France had as many luxuries as we could give them—cigarets, tobacco, sewing kits, books, and magazines, and hundreds of letters from the friends at home. If the Hadley men were in a successful battle, I cabled congratulations. We were their lifeline, the vital connection with home.

In August, 1918, we erected a fine honor roll for our sixty Hadley soldiers, and dedicated it with fitting exercises. Professor George Churchill gave the address, and I contributed a poem. Professor Churchill insisted that my poem should go into some future collection. I am including it here:

IN THE SERVICE

There's a spirit that is stirring
From the mountains to the main,
You can hear it in the city,
You can feel it on the plain,
'Tis the heart-beat of our Nation,
The pulsing of our sod
To the thunder of our cannon
Like the Sinai of our God.

They are coming from the mountains,
They are coming from the vale,
From the city and the country,
From their women brave and pale,
They are coming to Old Glory,
And our Nation's righteous sword,
They are coming, they are coming,
To the drum beat of the Lord.

They are coming from the cotton,
They are coming from the corn
Sons of Yankee-land and Dixie
To a nation newly born,
Born in awful throes of anguish
To a higher, nobler birth,
To the struggle of the nations
For the freedom of the earth.

They are bringing all their manhood,
All the love of home and kin,
Things their fathers fought to cherish,
Mid the war cloud's awful din;
They will place them on the altar
Of their country and their God,
That the soil may know redemption,
Where the conqueror hath trod.

To our peaceful verdant valley
Where the bird notes sweetly fall,
Came this bugle's stirring echoes,
Came the nation's duty call.
And our young men heard it gladly,
Left the planting and the grain,
Went to follow 'neath Old Glory,
In the battle's leaden rain.

It was just the same old music
That was heard in days of yore,
When beneath the elm trees spreading,
Men went forth to civil war,
We are soldiers, men of Hadley,
And we feel the same old thrill,
That our forebears felt at Yorktown
That they felt at Bunker Hill.

Now today we do them honor,
Sons of ours across the sea,
In the bivouac, on the transport,
Place this scroll that all may see;
In our hearts their names are written,
And we'll always keep them there,
In the morning and the evening
We will breathe for them a prayer.

Pray the Good God will uphold them
In the battle's awful storm,
That his angels will watch o'er them,
Shielding them from every harm,
So at last to home returning,
From the carnage and the strife,
Every son shall greet his mother,
Every husband greet his wife.

Then we'll meet them with a welcome
That will wake the staid old town,
And we'll set the bells to ringing,
Till we shake the steeples down;
Then they'll know how much we love them
How we honor one and all,
Who obeyed the nation's summons,
Who were quick to hear her call.

While the boys were fighting at the front, my committee arranged for many public sings to keep up our own spirits—*Pack up Your Troubles in the Old Kit Bag*, *Keep the Home Fires Burning*, and all the other of the wartime favorites, but we always sandwiched in the *Long Long Trail*. It surely was a long, long trail for both the soldiers and their friends at home.

I shall always remember that glorious morning of November 11 when the whistles and bells in Northampton began shouting the glad news of the Armistice across the Connecticut River, to us in Hadley, and our own bells flung it back. Farmers in the fields stopped in their work, to throw up their hats and to shout. What a load of anxiety and misery was lifted from the shoulders of millions of Americans when that glad message came through. We did not put on a parade of our own, but we decorated forty or fifty automobiles and joined the Northampton parade.

The war was over. The tension was lessened, but there were still long months to wait before we met our boys in Springfield where we had seen them march away eighteen months before. My committee at once set to work to give them a rousing welcome.

I designed several floats, and we put together a parade nearly a mile in length, telling the story of the war and Hadley's part in it. That evening we gave the boys a banquet in the town hall. Later on our committee placed a cluster window in the library, giving all the names of those who had fought in the great war.

In 1895 Mrs. Hawkes and I went into the office of a young lawyer in Northampton to see about renting a tenement in Hadley. Mrs. Hawkes was much surprised to see my photograph on the lawyer's desk, and she told me of it after we had concluded our business. Judge Richard Irwin told me later that the young man kept the photograph there as an inspiration.

The lawyer was Calvin Coolidge, recently graduated from Amherst College. This was the beginning of our thirty years of friendship. It was most fascinating to watch Mr. Coolidge's climb. I do not remember that he was ever defeated for office. On he went from the House to the Senate, where he was President. In 1916, my kinsman, Mr. Frank Stearns of Boston, took charge of Mr. Coolidge's political destiny. He had marked him as a future President as early as that, but it was the Boston policeman's strike that gave Mr. Coolidge his chance.

His ringing declaration that no one had any right to strike against the public safety was a bull's-eye. That statement gave him the nomination for the Vice-Presidency at Chicago. I stood for four hours in the hot sun on Allen Field in Northampton to hear Calvin Coolidge's speech of acceptance. The heat was so great that Senator Crane fainted later on at Judge Irwin's house.

After that events moved fast for our Massachusetts idol. With the death of President Harding, he came into his own. That simple oath taken in his father's sitting room was typical of the man.

I listened over the radio to his first message to Congress and wrote him a letter of congratulation, in acknowledgment of which Secretary Clarke wrote me as follows:

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

President Coolidge has asked me to tell you that no letter which he has received has given to him more sincere pleasure than that which came from you regarding the message. Letters have come from all parts of the country from friends who found it possible to listen to his address, and all have spoken not only in commendation of the message, but on the clearness with which his voice was heard. The President was especially pleased that you should mention the last paragraph of the message, for, as you say, its appeal has been largely overlooked for the more immediate recommendations which it contains.

Very truly yours,
E. T. Clark, Secretary.

The White House
Washington
December 19, 1923

I listened in to all his speeches while he was president and was always thrilled by their sincerity, their simplicity, and directness. He always went straight to the heart of the subject, said what there was to say, and then stopped.

During the campaign of 1924, I wrote the tribute

to Mr. Coolidge, called *Granite and Gold*, which is given in full in another chapter.

No other people in the country took as much interest in the Coolidges as did the people of Northampton and vicinity, not even the people of Plymouth, Vermont. We felt that our own had returned to us when the Coolidges returned to Northampton, and everyone was rejoiced when they purchased The Beeches. All felt that they could now enjoy a carefree old age. But the six years in Washington had taken a toll from Mr. Coolidge that we little imagined. Such is the way of Heart-Break Hall, as the White House is sometimes referred to.

Like a bolt of lightning out of a blue sky came the news of our friend and neighbor's death. Mrs. Coolidge showed the world that same brave smile she had showed us when young Calvin died.

I wrote her a letter of condolence and she replied as follows:

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I deeply appreciate your kind letter. We cannot question God's wise providence. He still "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." In some manner which we cannot understand He may lead s to the light in our darkness as a nation which shall bring it out of its difficulties. The expressions of trust and confidence in Calvin Coolidge and his principles which are pouring in from all classes of people from everywhere is remarkable. This feeling may steady us all.

Sincerely,

GRACE COOLIDGE.

January 16, 1933

Nothing seemed to shake her sweet, serene faith. The last scene in this drama of New England, this story of simple faith, and courageous living, was enacted in a bleak Plymouth cemetery with a company of friends, conspicuous among whom was Frank Stearns, the man who had done more than anyone else to make Calvin Coolidge. He stood by the open grave, watching the mortal remains of his idol being lowered. His shoulders were stooped, his head was bent, and the joy of life seemed to have gone out of his face. I sometimes wonder, if in the burial of Calvin Coolidge Mr. Stearns did not see the death of more than was apparent to most people. Did he not see the burial of simplicity, faith, courage, and many of those virtues that have made New England great.

I doubt if we ever see his like again.

Chapter XXI

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS OF BLINDNESS

I was born in Goshen, Mass., on the backbone of Hampshire county, where an old farmer once said that they had nine months' winter and three months late fall. It was not quite as bad as that, but there is plenty of winter in Goshen from December 1 to April 1. I can well remember the mountainous snowdrifts and the keen-cutting wind when I trudged a mile to the little red schoolhouse, which in this case was white. My boots often froze on my feet and my dinner in my pail, so both had to be thawed out when I reached the schoolhouse.

These first thirteen years of eyesight were worth the world to me. I certainly could never have written forty nature books without vivid childhood impressions. They gave me my color and background for my life's work. Today my nature work is praised for its minute and faithful description of illusive and beautiful phases of nature, those things which escape unobserving eyes. All these impressions were stored up in my soul during those vital years. Sometimes when I think of the old days, days of my childhood, I am amazed that I stored up so much, for my opportunities were only those of the ordinary New England farm boy. Yet, I was enabled to write my first eight nature books without any supplementary reading. Minute observation and a memory like a steel trap did the trick.

To my grandmother, Mrs. Josiah Gurney, I owe much. My grandparents on my mother's side then lived in Ashfield, and I frequently slipped away to

Grandma's for a visit. Grandmother was passionately fond of flowers and had the largest flower garden in town. She was equally fond of birds and all wild life and it was of her that I learned to feed the birds, a practice that I have kept up ever since. During the last few years, Mrs. Hawkes and I have often fed between two and five hundred birds per day. We call our house the bird hotel. It is the best fun that I have in the winter.

During the Goshen 150th year celebration, held recently, I sketched for them the passing of the four seasons on the Hampshire Hill tops. Those who heard the address said the portrayal of nature was as vivid as though the scenes had been envisioned yesterday.

My father was a professional trainer of hunting dogs, and of him I also learned much from the book of nature. But his attitude was different from that of Grandmother. He was a hunter, while she was a defender of wild life. It was from my father that I gained my intense love of nature, and my joy in a bit of bird song of a beautiful day.

Had I not in those early days learned every phase of nature in her four-act drama of the seasons, my nature writings would have been impossible. So I am most grateful for what eyesight I had in boyhood. My advice to boys is to use their own powers of observation to the full, for it may stand them in good stead in later life.

I had been crippled at the age of nine by the loss of my left leg below the knee, so when I lost my sight at the age of thirteen for a while I thought that it was the end of everything. And it was certainly a tough proposition. I was a blind cripple, still in the grade schools, with little money and no influential

The Whole Family

friends. For two years my parents tried by five painful operations upon my eyes to get back my sight, but finally gave up, and I was glad of it.

The ordeal of the operations was worse than the loss of eyesight. At the age of fifteen I went to Perkins Institute to see if I could repair my shattered fortunes. I graduated after four years and went back for a post-graduate course, also studying oratory with teachers from the Emerson School in Boston, and reading law for diversion. During the last term of that year I was attacked by the grippe, and went home in May for the Summer. But while recovering from this illness, I amused myself by writing a lecture on the American poets, which I began giving that summer. This work was so successful, I never returned to Boston for study. At the age of twenty years I was earning my living as a lecturer. My first lectures were given to small country audiences, especially in the summer, when these country towns were filled with city visitors. But gradually I graduated from the country audiences and finally became a Chatauqua lecturer, and a speaker in lecture courses of no mean standing.

Although there is a certain fascination in public speaking and meeting people, yet it is desperately hard work and a great strain upon one without eyesight, especially in making trains, and sleeping in a new bed each night, so as soon as I found I could make a living writing books and staying at home, I gave up lecturing and devoted myself wholly to literature. I have not lectured much for the past twenty years, although I went out to Geneva, New York, for a commencement address at Hobart College in 1917, where I received an honorary degree,

and the following day another from Syracuse University. That was my banner year as far as honorary degrees are concerned, although I received another from Amherst college in 1919 and an L.H.D. from American International College, in 1938.

When I was seventeen years old, my folks moved to Cummington, Mass., and I owe much to that fact, as it put me in touch with the wonderful Bryant library in that town. My mother was a gifted poet in her own right, and for seven years we revelled in the classics taken from this wonderful library, selected by the poet Bryant himself.

One summer was spent reading the Brownings, and another with the Italian poets, for whom I still have a green place in my memory.

I am also deeply indebted to the hill towns for the friendship that I enjoyed with four great Americans, who meant much to me in my life at that formative period. Professor Charles Eliot Norton had a summer place at Ashfield, and each summer when I came to Ashfield to lecture I visited him. It was he who criticized my first poems and gave me my first encouragement. I remember the first time I called on him he told me Dr. Holmes had once said literature was a good cane to sport with, but a bad staff to lean on. This is certainly so. Another man whom I always enjoyed a visit with in Ashfield was Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the genius of Clark University, and an authority on adolescence.

In Worthington, I visited Dr. Russell Conwell at his home called "Eagles Nest," and he was most inspiring with his reminiscences of great men and women. Afterward I was destined to lecture in the same course with Dr. Conwell.

Another hill town friend was Rev. C. W. Chadwick, the poet preacher of Brooklyn. He and I always talked poetry, and he reviewed several of my volumes of poems for different magazines. He was a good critic and a warm friend.

In 1892, I moved with my folks to Hadley, Mass., where I have been living ever since. It was here that I have written my fifty published books, and here I met and married Mrs. Hawkes, who, since the death of my mother in 1899, has been my eyes. Mother lived long enough to see four of my books of poems published and she was much prouder of them than I was.

Elbridge Kingsley, the Hadley engraver and painter, and I soon became good friends. He helped me to see nature in many ways.

Then, I had two college friends who did much to help on my literary work. These were kind-hearted President Seelye of Smith, who read my poems to the college girls one night at vespers, and President Merrill E. Gates of Amherst, who praised my verses to the Amherst students.

George W. Cable of Northampton was another good friend. At the time he was putting across his great Home Culture movement I wrote for the magazine which he published for this work for several years. We had many a pleasant confab together. It was at his home I met James M. Barrie, the Scotch novelist.

Another friend who meant much to me at this time was Julia Ward Howe, whom I had known at Perkins Institute, where she read to us frequently from the classics. It was due to Mrs. Howe's influence that I was made a charter member of the Boston

Author's Club, where I later made many good friends, among whom were Hezekiah Butterworth, J. T. Trowbridge, and others.

Shortly after coming to Hadley I began bombarding newspapers and magazines with poems, of which I wrote scores every month. Finally my persistency was rewarded, and in 1895 it was said that I had more poems published in leading weeklies and magazines than any other poet in America. My best critic at this period of my life was Charles G. Whiting, the literary editor of the *Springfield Republican*. I would climb three flights of stairs to his sanctum, and he would empty a certain chair which he called the poet's seat, and I would sit for a long session. We usually abused much of the current verse, and praised the classics. Mr. Whiting later reviewed five volumes of my verse, and his fine appreciative appraisals helped much in putting these books across. The *Republican* had great prestige in literary matters.

In 1897 my only sister, Alice, passed on, and because the house was so desolate without her, I brought home from one of my lecture trips a small collie dog, who afterwards was known to the children of two continents as "Master Frisky," through the two books I wrote about him. There are today dogs named Master Frisky in South America and Europe. This success encouraged me to begin writing nature books, which were just coming into vogue. If I had been five years earlier with my nature books it would have meant much to my fortunes. Just after my books got to going well, the great Nature Faker controversy, precipitated by Uncle John Burroughs and joined in by President Roosevelt, was upon us. I realized if I made so much as one small slip in my

natural history, my reputation might be spoiled. I not only escaped criticism then, but my nature books have never been criticized since. They are not free from mistakes—no naturalist's books are. Even Mr. Burrows and Nutthall often correct previous mistakes in early volumes, but my books are as free from mistakes as going over them seven times before they reach the printer can make them.

Few living nature writers have written upon a wider range of subjects than I. I have placed the scenes of my books in Alaska, Arizona, Wyoming, upon the great Central Plains, in Canada, in Finland, and in the Malay Peninsula, not to mention north of the Arctic Circle, in Eskimo-land.

These books have been as accurate as study of endless maps and of books upon the flora and fauna of each region could make them.

To write fifty published books, of which the author has never seen a printed word, is at least a strain upon patience and gray matter, but I have managed to do this, not to mention hundreds of fugitive articles and stories, and many hundreds of poems, and thousands of letters to children in all parts of the country, and also many uplift letters to people who are up against it and want to know about my three P's, Patience, Perseverance, and Pluck, which solve all problems.

It would amaze the reader to know how little of the present day world I have seen, I was a country farm boy when I lost my sight. I had not been often to town, so the only city that I ever saw since I could remember was Northampton. The only trains I ever saw were short, insignificant ones and I never so much as saw a circus, although I have written three circus books.

When I was a boy and could see there were no telephones in the country, and no poles by the roadside. There were no macadam roads. The first state road built in this county was built upon Goshen Hill in 1894. There were no trolley cars. The first trolley in Boston ran upon Shawmut Avenue in 1888. The bicycles of my boyhood were all the high type, with a small wheel either in front or behind. The Edison phonograph had not yet made its appearance and moving pictures had not yet electrified the public. The incandescent lamp had just been invented, but I never saw one. In 1881, we children were much thrilled by reading Mother Shipton's prophecy that "The world to an end will come in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one." The flying machine was foretold in that prophecy, but it was not until early in the next century that the Wrights did their first cross-country flying. So of course, I have never seen a flying-machine or even a balloon.

But even worse than all this, I have never seen the town where I live, or the street I live upon, the house I live in, or my wife. I had to take life and everything that it offers "sight unseen," as the boys say.

All of the friends that I knew as a boy, saw as a boy, are either dead, or changed so by the years that I would not know them if I were to see them. I can still remember George Washington on the postage stamp, and he is about my only land-mark.

Two great aims I have had in my life: the first, to teach kindness to animals. So I have written seven dog books and five horse books, all teaching this gospel.

My second ambition is like unto the first: to teach protection of birds and wild life, and all the beauty

spots of nature. In 1927, I was driven from my home at fifteen minutes' notice by the great Connecticut river flood of that year. It was then I perfected my plans for conservation clubs. The plans were adopted in many schools, and widely broadcasted in the west. But I did not have time to push the plans sufficiently. The largest and most successful conservation club formed under my plans was that at the Holyoke High School.

My most widely read poem, which has been translated into many foreign languages, is the *Mountain to the Pine*, and a very short poem which quite well expresses my creed and philosophy is the following:

EROSION

Even the little waves, that idly dance
Against the cliff, will crumble it to sand.
And so with ceaseless toil, the slightest hand
May wear away the walls of circumstance.

The greatest single thing I have ever done for humanity was the translating of my biography, *Hitting the Dark Trail*, into French for the five thousand blind soldiers of France. Eugene Brieux, the French dramatist, assisted me in this great undertaking. I did not get a cent for the translation, or a penny royalty upon the five thousand copies, but the fact that we were able to put a copy of the book in the hands of each of these stricken men was pay enough.

Sir Arthur Pearson of England, who lost his eyesight six years before his death, was a good friend of mine, and a pleasing correspondent, and together we also gave the blind Tommies of England five hundred

copies of this book. A hundred copies were sent to the blind American marines at the Red Cross school at Baltimore. It is such things as these that pay in the best coin of the realm—the gratitude of stricken people.

My philosophy of life is best expressed in this little couplet:

> Two men looked out through prison bars,
> And one saw mud, the other stars.

I have always tried to see stars, and what is more to make other people see them as well.

Although literature is my vocation, yet I have many avocations which help me relax from the great strain of continuous writing. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, so I have sandwiched in work and play together. During 1909, when I was carrying the great load of planning the Hadley parade and designing over a score of floats, I would slip away to Northampton and a good ball game would put me right.

My year really begins in early March on that red letter day when the first bluebird appears at Bird Acre, my Hadley home. Then I take on a new lease of life, and again begin to live. Without going out of Old Hadley's broad street, between April and November, I am able to identify eighty species of birds, this is counting a score or more migrants.

With the coming of the warm days, I get out my fishing tackle, and oil my reels and test the lines and hooks. My favorite fishing ground is in the three lakes at Pansy Park in Belchertown, in the pond at North Hadley, and in the Connecticut river and also at Highland lake in Goshen. When the car begins to climb old Goshen hill on the way to Highland lake I feel a new lease of life.

Then the opening of the baseball season is another great occasion for me. I mean to be present at the first game both at Amherst college and Massachusetts State College, where I am a guest of the Physical Training department. Then I listen in to over a hundred big league games every year.

Listening to the big league games is so much a matter of course with me that I can follow a game and either read or write at the same time. One year I even dictated to a stenographer while listening to the World's Series.

Automobiling furnishes a good pastime for me during the pleasant months of the year. If the confinement of winter dampens my spirits, the exhileration of springtime always sets me right. Mrs. Hawkes and I used to be regular subscribers to the plays at the Northampton Municipal theater. Jessie Bontelle was my particular friend. We also attended most of the musical functions at Smith College, but now we get all that over the radio.

I am hoping, praying every day that very soon the Peace of God will descend upon our troubled race, and that we will again return to saner, safer living, which is also happier and more profitable. The present era is a hideous nightmare from which we must all awake. Jazz music, jazz art and literature have nearly had their day. We are tired of the husks of materiality and must soon arise and go to Our Father's House.

APPENDIX

Letters from Friends

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

The delay in answering your letter has been caused by my efforts to see if I could work out something along the line you suggest. I am very sorry to report that I have not been able to make much progress in that direction. Perhaps some one else has been able to be more fortunate in your behalf.

I note with great interest what you have said from time to time about me, and I want you to know how much I appreciate it. Perhaps you would be amused to know that I began to write complimentary things about you as long ago as 1896 or 1897.

With kindest regards, I am

Very truly yours,

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

The White House
Washington
April 10, 1926

Dear Mrs. Brown:

As I understand that Mr. Clarence Hawkes of Hadley, Massachusetts, is under consideration for some recognition by the Harmon Foundation, I am sending you this letter of recommendation in relation to him.

I have known him for more than thirty years and have read his books with a great deal of pleasure and interest. The work he is able to do must be a great inspiration to all the blind. He is a fine character and recognized as a scholar of such attainments

that Amherst College some time ago conferred on him an honorary degree.

Very cordially yours,

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Barrie are to be at my house tomorrow evening. We should be very glad to see you since we are anxious to have all who write for *The Letter* meet them.

I hope you will be able to come. We live on Dryad's Green not far from Mr. Cable's.

Very cordially yours,

ADELINE MOFFAT.

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

President Coolidge has received your kind letter, and has asked me to express to you his sincere appreciation.

Such a message is a source of both encouragement and help at this time, and only the urgent press of other matters prevents a personal acknowledgment.

Very truly yours,

E. T. CLARK, *Secretary.*

The White House
Washington
August 9, 1923

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

Owing to my absence from home there has been delay in replying to your letter and acknowledging the receipt of your new book. I have not had time to examine the latter but I feel sure that a real treat is in store for the reading public within its pages, basing

my judgment upon other books which you have placed before them. I used to read *Master Frisky* and other stories of yours to my boys when they were small, to their great delight. I hope the stories which you have gathered under the title *Doctor Thinkright* will meet with the success which I feel sure that they deserve.

Sincerely yours,

GRACE COOLIDGE.

The Beeches
Northampton, Mass.
October 15, 1934

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I am deeply mindful of the honor which you have conferred upon me in permitting me to read the proof sheets of your very delightful story, full of the kind of philosophy that the title *Dr. Thinkright* would of necessity diffuse.

Right thoughts, balanced judgments, and minds leveled to the true horizons of life are greatly needed today.

Your book, full of constructive, educational value, will give to its readers a comfort of mind that will act as a tonic to those who would think the good thoughts of life, which are ever resultant in good actions.

With appreciation for your kindness and best wishes for your endeavors, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

E. GRACE MAGNA
(Mrs. Russell William Magna).

National Society Daughters
of the American Revolution
Holyoke, Mass.
October 20th, 1934

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

Thank you very much for your letter and enclosure. I think, with the exception of the passage with regard to me, it is one of the best appreciations of the real Calvin Coolidge that I have ever seen and I thank you for letting me see it.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK W. STEARNS.

140 Tremont Street
Boston
May 4, 1933

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Thank you very much for your kind letter of the 2nd, and also for the enclosed sketch on Mr. Coolidge, which I have read with very great interest. I think you understand him.

Yours sincerely,

HARLAN STONE.

Supreme Court of the U. S.
Justice's Chambers
May 4, 1933

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I have read your tribute to Mr. Coolidge and consider it exceedingly fine.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH G. ELY, *Governor.*

The Commonwealth of Mass.
Executive Department
State House, Boston
May 11, 1933

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I have your letter of the fourteenth and must renew my thanks to you for your graceful volume of verse. It is both a rebuke and an inspiration to us who enjoy the full liberty of all our senses, to see how large and beautiful a world you find and what expression your cadenced lines furnish to the conceptions of your spiritual vision.

GEO. W. CABLE.

19 February, 1896

Dear Clarence:

I thank you and Mr. Kingsley abundantly for the exquisite *Souvenir of Old Hadley* which you have thoughtfully sent me. Such a happy combination of nature, facts, and poetry is seldom found.

I wish you could see the charming landscapes there portrayed with your outward eyes, and "the leaves which rustle in their ecstacies." It is a delight to me that I have dwelt among those elms, because I can appreciate what is presented so much better. No place so restful as Old Hadley to those inclined to be contemplative! I seem to move among the old scenes as if I were actually present.

The brochure was a capital hit anyway, and well timed. The old veterans of the 7th of May will all of them cherish it, not only as a memorial of the occasion, but also of the author and artist. Every time they visit Hadley they will listen for the song

of the harp among the tremulous branches, and the cadence that is always in tune with the springtime.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Newbern, N. C.
May 26, 1895
Dear Mr. Hawkes,

The beautiful copy of your *Idyls* was duly received, and like yourself, I intended to acknowledge it long ere this. I fear I had the best of the bargain! Your book is so pleasingly illustrated. I, too, have been busy but have "dipped into" the poems, here and there, thoroughly enjoying their genuine New England flavor.

Yours most truly,

MARY P. WELLS SMITH,
Greenfield—Oct. 16, 1901.

My dear Mr. Hawkes,

Thank you very much for *Three Little Folks* with its attractive pictures. Thank you even more for the flattering terms of your greeting.

I am very busy and I shall be for a few weeks preparing for the fall effort on one *Cyrano de Bergerac*, but I shall have some leisure in a little while when my little girl and I will be able to give attention to your book. Thanking you again for your kindness, believe me

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS WILSON.

The Orchard
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Note:—Francis Wilson's stage name was Otis Skinner, the girl referred to in his letter is Cornelia Skinner the dramatic reader.

My dear Mr. Hawkes,

I sat down with the *Idyls of Old New England* yesterday and had just a New England feast. I write that you may know how I passed the time so pleasantly. Such a gift of expression, so natural and true—and the beauty lies in its simplicity. Couldn't I consider myself well and then the packing up and getting away!! My beautiful Collie pulled me together. Else I might leave and have gone into some asylum to strengthen my brain.

I shall have a fine place here—a lovely studio 28 x 40, large enough to turn about should I happen to encounter some big ideals.

I just hope you and Mrs. Hawkes will come and visit me when I get settled—which will take weeks yet—also have Mr. Kingsley join you. I must write him.

How is Frisky—Collie sends his kind regards to him. Collie sometimes writes humorous letters so I have presented him with a valuable antique Dutch inlaid writing desk—coat of arms of Holland all over it—you will just enjoy it when you come—and its Companion a tall Dutch Clock—had it not been for my treasures—would not have bought a place—I couldn't give them up—and must house them on my own premises.

Hope this will find both yourself and Mrs. Hawkes in fine health—and with kind regards

WILLIS SEAVER ADAMS.

90 Federal St.
Greenfield, Mass.
March 9th, 1906

Note;—Mr. Adams was a famous painter.

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

Mrs. Burton joins me in expressing to you our very sincere appreciation of your greeting in acrostic to our dear little Jane. Our children so enjoy your unusual book that they were delighted to have the post cards with your photograph upon it.

Little Jane and her mother are both doing splendidly.

With most cordial greetings and high esteem. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

M. L. Burton.

March 9, 1912

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

Your book came and appears most attractive. I am just finishing and moving into a new Cabin and have been too busy to read it; but I am saving it to read aloud with Mr. Porter this winter in company with John Muir and David Grayson. Good company surely!

Thank you for all the kind things you say of my books. All the wishes you express for my good luck I return many times multiplied.

Sincerely yours,

Gene Stratton-Porter.

Limberlost Cabin
Rome City, Indiana
November 7, 1913

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I was delighted to have the two books which you sent me, and especially the volume of poems which

bears your inscription. I had not before come across any of your poetry, and with real pleasure I have read the beautiful volume. My boys pounced on the animal stories with great delight.

When I get back to Amherst I am going to send you a couple of my books.

With sincere regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

RAY STANNARD BAKER.

March 31, 1914

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I have received the promised copy of your book from Messrs. Holt, and have read it from cover to cover with a thrilled interest. Surely you have achieved much in rising so superior to the indescribable sufferings you have had to endure, and any ordinary reader of ordinary sensibilities must rise from a reading of your story filled with courage to meet his own comparatively slight difficulties, inspired by the noble spirit in which you have fought your fight.

It is my hope that some time again in the not far remote future our paths may cross and that I may have the rare privilege of developing our chance acquaintance into an enduring friendship.

With cordial regards to Mrs. Hawkes, and renewed thanks for the book, believe ever

Faithfully yours,

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Ogunquit, Maine
September 10, 1915.

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Thank you for the courtesy of sending me your latest book, and for the friendly letter that followed.

When I tell you that your message came to me in

my camp in the North at a time when my hands were stiffened by the use of axe and paddle, and when I had discovered a new and very wild pond where trout rose with amazing dash and vigor to my flies,—why then you will not ask any further apology for my delay in answering. The simple fact is, that it is almost impossible for me to write a letter, or anything else, while I am in the big woods.

But I read your book,—the only book that I attempted during the summer. You will perhaps understand my point of view, and my ability to appreciate your own groping along the trail, when I tell you simply that I have been in the dark for six months at a stretch, and the oculists were apparently quite decided that I should stay there. Moreover, as I work now, with fairly clear vision, the sword is over my head; and the thread that holds it is very thin, and frayed to such an extent that I do not care to examine it.

This is of course confidential. I want you to know that I can appreciate to some extent the hard trail you have followed, and the courage and the grit and the faith that such a trail calls for. I know what I am doing when I take off my hat to you.

I add my hearty wishes for the success of *Hitting the Dark Trail* and of all your other works.

With kindest personal regards

Very sincerely yours,

Stamford, Connecticut — William J. Long

6 October, 1915

Hitting the Dark Trail
by Clarence Hawkes

This is an inspiring little book, with its message of courage and faith and gallant living. Like a knightly

tale of old it slays its dragons; but these are real dragons, such as haunt every man's darkness.

As I read *The Dark Trail* I am reminded of the essay of another blind naturalist, Rowland Robinson, who in *A Voyage in the Dark* recalls the light and life of earlier days without a trace of weakness or repining. Good cheer seems to be written on the face of the woods and fields, and I am grateful to Mr. Hawkes for emphasizing in all his work not his own infirmity but the unchanging lesson of his old mother nature.

All success to the little book, and to the author who put his brave heart into it!

William J. Long, Stamford, Conn

6 October, 1915

My dear Mr. Hawkes,—

Your letter of November 17th is received. Mr. John Crotty, the Lansing bookseller, is a personal. friend of mine and he was kind enough to show me your letter. Beyond a doubt the autograph copy of "Hitting the Dark Trail" is on my Executive Desk at Lansing. I shall take great delight in possessing this token of your regard.

You can rest assured that you will be mentioned frequently by me whenever I give an educational address. If I can serve you in any way I shall be only too glad to do it. Beyond a reasonable doubt I shall buy some of your books for my supply room in connection with the Ferris Institute. Your life is certainly an inspiration. I am going to send you under separate cover some of the literature published in connection with the Ferris Institute, and in that

way you will learn something about the struggle I have had in building up this institution.

Very cordially yours,
WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS—Governor.

Big Rapids, Mich.
November 20, 1915
My dear Mr. Hawkes:

Here is a greeting to you across the years.

I have always, as I think you know, been interested in your unusual work. Though in my Northampton days, because I regarded my ministry as an opportunity for wider than ordinary parish service, I seldom had the opportunity of seeing you, I recall the few little talks we had with pleasure.

After consultation with some of your friends in Northampton, Amherst, New York, and elsewhere I have decided to ask you if you will honor us by serving as Commencement speaker at our women's college, which is co-ordinate to our men's college. We should want you among our guests at the Hobart College Commencement that morning, when the Hon. Bainbridge Colby of New York City is to make the address before the Hobart students, and at the alumni luncheon at twelve o'clock, where of course we should wish you to speak informally along with others. But at our woman's college at three o'clock you would be the speaker of the occasion, and the time ordinarily taken for our Commencement address is from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

It is our custom to confer at this time on our Commencement speaker some academic recognition, and it would give us a great deal of pleasure if you would consent to accept this invitation.

As to the subject, we should, of course, leave that entirely to your discretion; but no one who knows the message of your *Hitting the Dark Trail* would want you to lose the opportunity to emphasize the importance to the young college women of making the most of their resources, whatever they may be. It is an occasion for serious utterance to students at the most impressionable moment of their young life, and I hope the word may be spoken next June by you.

With all good wishes, believe me

Very sincerely yours,

LYMAN R. POWELL.

Geneva, New York
March 1, 1917

My dear Mr. Hawkes:—

Out of the whirl of war work and worry, and "literature" and printed matter, as a bright and shining exception comes your fine story of Shaggy-Coat, all ready to give 100 per cent of enjoyment. How do you, in your busy life, find time to do such nice things? I can do *work*, of half a dozen different kinds; but when it is done I am so dead tired that I sag down disgracefully, and don't do anything nice for my friends.

And yet, I do think a lot of my friends, and dote upon them.

Your new book looks good to me. It looks carefully done, true to life, and thoroughly safe for young people to read. Moreover, it is beautifully illustrated. The beaver is certainly one of the most wonderfully intelligent and masterful animals of all the world,

and in what other book can a boy get so much beaver love for so little!

Thank you very much.

Wishing you a prosperous and interesting New Year I remain

Faithfully yours,

W. T. Hornaday.

The Zoological Park
Dec. 28, 1917

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Your letters of December 7th, 1918, were received recently and we want to thank you one and all for the kindly interest that you and the people of Hadley have taken in us and in our welfare. The gifts inclosed were surely appreciated and they came at an opportune time between pay days when a fellow is almost, if not entirely broke, and the Y. M. C. A. has candies, and cookies which the soldier likes so well.

We extend the best of wishes for this coming year to all the members of the Hadley Public Safety Committee, and only wish we could tell you, instead of having to write, how each and every one of us feels in regard to your interest in us. But it won't be long now before we shall all be back in the dear old town and will then endeavor to show our appreciation of your thoughtfulness.

Wishing you all the best of luck, we are,

Sincerely,

The Boys from Hadley.

Recourt, (Haute-Marne),
France
Co. I, 104th Infantry,
January 9, 1918

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

Thank you for sending me your handsome book of verse, *Idyls of Old New England.* Your gift of seeing with the inward eye brings the world close to your spirit. I am glad that you have had the gift of singing too, to cheer the way for yourself and for your friends.

I think I like best in your volume this poem, *Written on Hearing Handel's Creation.*

With thanks and warm good wishes:

From your friend,

EDWIN MARKHAM.

West New Brighton, N. Y.
November 22, 1918

My dear Sir:—

I understand from my valued friend, the Rev. Lyman P. Powell, D.D., who is co-operating with me in helping to secure an adequate organization for the American Division of the English Speaking Union, that you are likely to be interested in the purpose and work of the Union.

I am enclosing with this the preliminary announcement and should be glad to be authorized to include your name in the list of Vice Presidents of the American Division.

Yours very truly,

GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM.

2 West 45th St., New York
February 19, 1919

My dear Mr. Hawkes:—

It is indeed a pleasure to have your letter of December thirty-first, written upon the announcement of my call to the Presidency of the University of Michigan. It was a very difficult decision for me to

make, because I have been very much delighted with my work here, but after I had all of the facts before me, it seemed necessary to go.

It is a pleasure to hear from one again who lives in the Connecticut Valley, and I wish that I could see you and shake you by the hand.

I note what you say of Governor Ferris of Michigan, and doubtless I shall have an opportunity to talk with him about you.

The rumors which you have heard of my possible entrance into politics have slight if any basis. It is true that many people in this region have suggested to me from time to time that I ought to be a candidate for Governor, but frankly I feel that the work which I am doing is far more important than being Governor of a state.

Believe me, with cordial personal greetings,

Sincerely yours,

M. L. Burton, Minneapolis.

January 8, 1920

My dear Clarence Hawkes:—

For many days I have had your fine new book before me (*Trails to Woods and Waters*), but this is really and truly my first chance to write you. These are very troublous times; and the end is not yet.

I am wondering whether you are not more proud of this book than of any of your other books. Of course *Hitting the Dark Trail* grips the heart more; but that is in a class by itself. The range of this volume is wider, the text is bulky, and the illustrations are fine. I am glad that I appear with you, and I think that the foreword is the best I could do even were I to try 100 times more. There is nothing like starting on the level.

Next Saturday I am to receive here the Blind Men's Club from "The Lighthouse," for the purpose of making an effort to make them know, by the sense of touch, the big horned game of the world. You know it doesn't hurt horns to handle them, and we have in this collection some of the finest heads and horns to be found in any one place. I intend to set out examples of the various great families and generations of horned animals. Right heartily do I wish that you were to be here.

We are expecting in July a huge shipment of valuable animals from Africa, (Pretoria), containing giraffes, sable antelopes, kudus, etc.

Last week our first Big Horn mountain sheep lamb was born here; also a baby camel and two buffalo calves.

Our animals came through the long hard winter in fine shape with an unusually small number of deaths. But these troubled times are making me plenty of trouble here,—chiefly on account of low wages, and not enough money for food supplies.

Hoping that you are well, and enjoying life more than some of the rest of us, I remain

Faithfully yours,

W. T. Hornaday.

N. Y. Zoological Park
May 19, 1920

My dear Mr. Hawkes:—

It was indeed a delight to receive your new book, entitled *Wanted, a Mother* and particularly to have you inscribe it to all of the Burtons. It is already

being read with great satisfaction and delight in my home.

I sincerely hope that the year is bringing many satisfactions to you. If I ever get back to Northampton and Amherst, I want to have the pleasure of seeing you and talking with you.

Please accept my most cordial Greetings of the Season and best wishes for the New Year.

Sincerely yours,

M. L. Burton.

University of Michigan
Ann Arbor
January 3, 1921

Dear Brother Hawkes:

It was a good deed to send me your book. But I knew much of you before and your brave life has helped me much. I am grateful for your letter but I cannot now fittingly answer it. I hope that I may call on you soon.

Your Brother,

Russell H. Conwell.

South Worthington, Mass.
July 15, 1921

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

I am afraid I have been rather a long while in replying to your letter with reference to your book, but I have waited to do so until I had read it.

My congratulations upon it: it is quite a charming story, and should appeal to all little people. Eleanor is a delightful little girl and one loves her from the first. Uncle Nathan is a character one is instinctively drawn to, and of course Peter was a dog we

would all love to own. I hope it will have a very successful sale.

Yours sincerely,

Sir Arthur Pearson.

St. Dunstan's
Regent's Park
13th July, 1920

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Thank you for your letter of the 13th, and the copy of your story *Wanted: A Mother*. My little daughter is already much interested in it. I myself am so snowed under with work that I fear it will be a long time before I shall ever have time to sit down and read.

I shall send you a copy of *The Story of Doctor Dolittle* with great pleasure. I have never intended my books as nature stories nor have I designed them with any intention of having them instructive. They are, as you will see, purely fantastic with just enough seriousness to make them plausible narrative.

I remember meeting you very well, of course; I think I was in Northampton a little over a year ago. My visit there was a very pleasant one.

With my very good wishes for the coming year, I am

Sincerely yours,

Hugh Lofting.

"Stoneybrook"
Westport, Conn.
December 26, 1923

My dear Mr. Hawkes:—

I've just finished the painting for the jacket for your fine new book. I have greatly enjoyed reading

your good story and I feel most grateful for your kind dedication. Many thanks.

I followed your suggestion of the horses and hounds in the background and the fox in the foreground with the big circle with the fox head in the center as Mr. Mebbes of Milton Bradley wished to keep that feature uniform in the entire series. I think it's the best one I have done.

I hope someday you will do a book about the *Great White Caribou* the cousin of Santa Claus' reindeers. Stefansson gives a lot of interesting material about them in his books, how they can find their way across the frozen arctic ocean and know how to avoid the places where the ice is too thin for safety, a splendid animal in a corking setting.

Again I congratulate you on your fine story and thank you for the dedication.

Cordially yours,

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

Oradell N. J.
Sept. 3rd, 1926

Dear Friend,

Your letter has just come. I am glad there is a possibility that *McClure's Magazine* may take the sketch about you which I prepared sometime ago. When it was finished, I sent it off to the *Ladies' Home Journal.* They kept it so long, I was sure they would accept it; but lo! it was returned with expressions of regret and the information that they were loaded up with biographical articles. I did not know what to do with it; so your letter is encouraging. I shall mail the sketch with this. I hope you will like it. If you wish to make any changes, please do so. I am

up to my ears in my autobiography, and that crowds out everything else. For that reason I did not give the sketch as much time as I should have liked to. Still, I think it is not bad.

The Swedenborg book is in process of publication.

Spring has come upon us here in New York with leaps and bounds. Today is so hot, I am extremely uncomfortable in my little study on the roof.

With kindest greetings and best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

HELEN KELLER.

Forest Hills, New York
April 20, 1927

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I think your idea is a most excellent one and I do not see why it should not be possible to establish conservation clubs all over the country.

I am sorry to say that I have been ill and my husband is at the present time helplessly ill, so that I am quite unable to attend to my ordinary duties. I have sent your letter with enclosures to my successor here at Cornell, Professor E. L. Palmer and have asked him to give a notice of this in the *Nature Magazine.* I am sure that he will do all that he can to help the cause along.

I thank you very much for taking the time to read this letter, and I would greatly appreciate and treasure any reply that I may receive.

"May God bless you and keep you," and may you continue to write for many future years.

Sincerely yours,

LILLIAN M. JAFFEE.

c–o Dr. Wm. W. Sirak
Room 301–7016 Euclid Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio
Oct. 11, 1930

My dear Clarence:

I am very glad to receive these notices of your book and I am sending you one of my own. When I consider the circumstances under which you labor I am astonished at the result and grateful for the rich experiences which are manifested in this volume of *Dr. Thinkright.* I sincerely trust it will have the wide circulation it deserves. It is a wholesome and delightful and inspiring volume.

Believe me

Yours ever,

Rev. S. Parkes Cadman.

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Just to send you greetings and to thank you for all the sweet, lovely stories you have given us. It seems as though you could see farther and understand more fully the beauty of living than any one else. There is so much that is ugly but you see only the beautiful. I wish we could all learn that lesson.

With my kindest good wishes

Yours very truly,

Mrs. J. P. Newell.

3290 S.E. Harrison St.
Portland, Oregon
11–21–36

My dear Mr. Hawkes:

I am sorry for the delay in replying to your letters. Thank you for the copy of your latest book, *Doctor Thinkright.*

One of the most important tasks in the practice of medicine is to distinguish between mental and physical illnesses; each is very real, and although they often are associated, each is distinct. You have helped to make the world a better place in which to live.

Sincerely yours,
C. H. Mayo, Mayo Clinic,
January 31, 1935 Rochester, Minn.

I have always held in my memory the pleasure I experienced in meeting you at Geneva. I had read your books and was delighted with your spirit, so that I considered it a great privilege to meet you and talk with you. I hope you are in good health and I know that you are continuing your good work.

Sincerely yours,
Anna Botsford Comstock.

Roberts Place,
Cornell Heights
Ithaca, N. Y.
April 21, 1928

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

I appreciate very much indeed your letter of April 12, which would have been answered earlier except that I was in the middle of Mrs. Pinchot's campaign.

I have read with much interest the plan of organization of conservation clubs throughout the country. Such a plan and its successful execution depends on having some one man of high ability who will give

his whole time to it. The absence of the right man is usually where the plan falls down.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

GIFFORD PINCHOT, Washington, D. C.

May 1, 1928

I have just discovered *Doctor Thinkright.* Without question he is the most lovable old gentleman in recent fiction, and just the kind of a Doctor this crooked world needs to set it straight. Clarence Hawkes has created a character that should become as famous as Mrs. Wiggs—and do even more good. It looks like the beginning of a New Deal in contemporary fiction. Please congratulate Mr. Hawkes for me. I think you have the possibility of a "best seller," and I hope you will quadruple your number of review copies and give the book a big boost. Several of the students in my class in reading have already devoured it eagerly.

EDWIN O. GROVER,
Professor of Books, Rollins College.

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Thank you for the privilege of knowing Dr. Thinkright. No one can read the book without feeling the better for it. In this era of sensationalism, the sordid and ugly in life is too often portrayed, not to say glorified. It is a relief and an inspiration to read something that carries with it an uplift of the spirit; that restores faith in the goodness in mankind instead of the depressing conviction that evil rules and the world is going to the dogs.

You have drawn a fine character. The good Doctor

is a living reality beautifully exemplifying the truth that "as man thinketh so is he." From the beginning he is lovable and in the end we know why. One cannot but feel the better for having read it. May it find a warm and wide welcome.

Sincerely yours,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

Springfield, Mass.
September 13, 1934

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Replying to your kind favor of April 25th, which arrived during my absence on another speaking tour, and which I very much appreciate, it gives me very great pleasure to send, via parcel post, an autographed copy of my book entitled *A Fortune to Share*, which I sincerely hope will prove interesting. I am going to autograph the book for both yourself and your faithful wife. The loyalty and love of a woman for a period of thirty years, under the conditions you have described, is a pearl beyond price; and the courage you have both manifested, under the physical handicaps described, places Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes on a glorious pedestal that few human beings ever attain. The reward in the hereafter for both of you will be a glorious one I am sure.

Thanks very much for your splendid words of commendation for my book. May God's blessings ever abide with you.

The book will reach you the first of the week.

Very sincerely yours,

VASH YOUNG, New York.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

Doctor Thinkright will certainly be read with profit and pleasure both by those who would like to think right, if they could think how to do it, and those who are already having the fun of doing it. I should think it might be bought at Christmas time. It has such a flavor of the universal longing for "Good Will to Men."

It's a troubled world, and we are all indebted to those of you who are having some of the worst of it, keep your courage, in "carrying on."

With all good wishes,

ALICE BROWN.

378 Water St.
Newburyport, Mass.
Oct. 22nd, 1934

Dear Mr. Hawkes:

I have found the manuscript which you sent me so long ago. I have re-read *Hitting the Dark Trail* and finished it with a very deep feeling of admiration and reverence. I am starting today on the interview and hope it will prove useful in giving a larger audience to your books and a wider influence to your fine life.

I will let you know when it is finished which I hope will be within ten days.

Cordially yours,

BRUCE BARTON.

New York

If I were making out a list of the best possible books for use in schools, libraries, and homes, high in it I should put the work of Clarence Hawkes. I

know that to many a blind Natural Historian seems incredible; and for this reason Mr. Hawkes' latest book, *Hitting the Dark Trail*, should be read first. After the explanation which this book gives, all the others take an added value and the reason that no error in the nature part of any of them can be found, is fully explained.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

Limberlost Cabin
Wildflower Woods, Indiana

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AUTHOR
Hawkes, Clarence

TITLE
My country, The America I knew.

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME
	Reference Copy